

March 12, 1994 333 mg 14X
May 10, 1994 275 mg 14X
The Diary of Isaac Billiou, 1

On June 13, 1993, in a hurry to drive to Chicago, I was cleaning up some unfinished work in the lab. There were two beakers with an oily residue in them from mother liquors from filtering off crystals of mescaline sulfate. The mescaline sulfate had been synthesized in the usual way from 3,4,5-trimethoxynitrostyrene by reduction with lithium aluminum hydride. When the residue in the beakers was triturated with ether, the ether decanted off, and the process repeated, the residue crystallized as a white powder. This was stirred with some methanol, the dissolved mescaline sulfate reprecipitated by addition of ether, the supernatant liquid discarded, the crystals washed once more in ether then collected. Two batches of crystals, one about 225 mg, the other about 590 mg, resulted.

Although I was reasonably confident of the identity of this substance (FTIR on the free-base oil had shown a perfect correspondence in the fingerprint region with a library spectrum), I made no further confirmation of purity.

On Monday, June 14, with Buzz Schmidt present to provide help if needed, I dissolved the 225 mg batch in a small glass of water and drank it. A quite bitter taste. Over the next few hours I carefully monitored my reactions. Some were quite unpleasant. I felt dizzy and slightly nauseous, my best comparison being to the dizziness and malaise I feel when I take OTC antihistamines like diphenhydramine. But I felt no drowsiness (as I do when taking antihistamines) and felt almost as though I had motion sickness (which antihistamines usually inhibit). Although I felt dizzy, I had no difficulty walking or talking quite clearly, and although I felt nausea I had no inclination to gag or vomit. After a few hours, we walked to a nearby Mexican restaurant, although I opined wisely to Buzz that I thought it was "inadvisable to take food on an empty stomach." I seemed to feel no hunger whatsoever. Immediately upon sitting down at the outdoor patio of the restaurant, I felt a pleasant and controllable, but irrational desire to laugh. The giddiness was reminiscent of the euphoria associated with marijuana, which I had tried about ten times back in the 70s. At this time about 5 hours had passed since I took the mescaline. I 225 MS

Dinner proceeded more or less normally, which meant that I drank two small margaritas--this may have confounded any accurate observations. I was unaccountably silly and giggly during the meal; distant sounds seemed very sharp and close; and I peculiarly and utterly uncharacteristically found myself relishing as charming and gloriously robust a noise I otherwise loathe: motorcyclists revving their engines in a nearby alley (we were eating on an outside patio). Another peculiar symptom I observed had to do with the taste of the food. For the most part the very phenomenon of taste seemed very distant, as though it was not my mouth which was tasting the food or as though my mouth were anesthetized. Sometimes there was a peculiar unidentifiable bad taste to the food which Buzz assured me he could not detect. At one point Buzz asked me why I had left a plate of refried beans uncharacteristically untouched, and I found myself reassuring him, that I didn't have to eat them because I

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could taste them by eating my salad. I was as surprised by this answer as he was (although it seemed somehow quite accurate), and burst into laughter.

Later we strolled down the street and stopped in a used bookstore. It was between 8 and 9 in the evening. I continued to feel giddy, euphoric, and silly, even though I had (for me) very little to drink (and even though alcohol does not affect me this way even if I have much more). At one point, standing on a ladder to view the books on a high shelf, I began to giggle very pleasantly, for no particular reason at all. I felt that I was in control and could stop laughing if I wanted to, but I also wanted Buzz to know how strangely the mescaline was affecting me. So I made no effort to restrain myself and laughed very cheerfully with total abandon for almost 10 minutes. Buzz came around to observe this phenomenon, asked what I was laughing at and ended up laughing himself; it was an infectiously carefree sort of thing.

I should mention that the nausea had passed away sometime before we reached the restaurant; and although I still felt some heaviness in breathing, the "antihistamine" symptoms were by now almost unnoticeable. I slept well that night, but awoke at about 5:00 am with a splitting headache (something that has never happened to me before); I took two Tylenol, slept for another hour, woke again with the headache somewhat better, made some coffee and found the headache disappeared after the second cup. The headache reminded me of the sort of headache I have occasionally gotten from going without my morning coffee--but that doesn't occur until well into the late morning or afternoon. Could the mescaline somehow have accelerated this process?

That describes all the significant effects I can recall from my first taking of mescaline. On reflection the next day I was convinced that 1) if I used a larger dose, I would become nauseated to the point of vomiting; 2) all in all, the experience was trivial, like my memories of taking marijuana but even less interesting, and that comparisons with mystical or religious experience were ludicrously inappropriate. Nonetheless, I was determined to try a larger dose, since I had experienced none of the visual phenomenon usually associated with mescaline, and because there were subtle aspects to the experience that I couldn't describe but which seemed intriguing.

Tues: dinner with Jacques, Peggy, & Isabelle Kagan

Wed: dinner with Buzz Schmidt at Charlie Trotter's

Thurs: dinner with Bill Truesdell, John Keegan, & Buzz Schmidt at L'escargot.

Celebrating my 0.5 centenary.

FRIDAY 18 JUNE 1993. At 12:20 in the afternoon, I poured a little of the solid from the shell vial containing about 590 mg of mescaline sulfate; an estimated 500 mg remaining,

which I put in a glass and washed down with some fruit juice, followed by a smoked turkey sandwich. Although I feared from my experiences of Monday that I might become so nauseous as to throw up the sandwich, I was hungry (I had just jogged 9.5 miles). I also feared that eating food with the mescaline might inhibit its action. The most recent report I could find on administration of mescaline to humans under controlled conditions used 500 mg in early morning on an empty stomach followed by fruit juice and fruit (*Biological Psychiatry*, December 1992). However, I was never troubled by nausea, and within an hour I was very aware of a different mental and physical state than I had started with. It was a clear, coolish, bright sunny day, and I had just jogged and showered and was feeling extremely clear of mind...until about 30 minutes after taking the mescaline. Here are some notes, to the extent that I could take them. About 90% of the events I couldn't possibly write down because they were simply too preoccupying. *[Bracketed italics were added some days later.]*

1:20 PM Unsteadiness walking *[or dizziness and uncertainty as to where the floor was?]* "Chills and Fever." Teeth rattling. Incipient (?) visual phenomena when eyes closed...? (Not sure). In bathroom mirror, I think the pupils of my eyes are constricted, but I'm not sure. (Am not an MD). Takes great concentration to write this, as though I had a fever of about 104 degrees F.

1:45 Very intense symptoms. Last half hour seems an eternity. Vision is fading, blurring, coming and going. Chills and Fever. Sweaty palms. Time seems totally whacked.

2:05 Like very high fever/or being pretty (EtOH) drunk. Very swoony. Want to lie down. No, my hand is not turning purple! (Well, it seems to be!?) F--ing EWS [Buzz, aka Ed W. Schmidt] is always on the fucking phone & I can't call him as per our agreement. Very shaky & chills/fever syndrome.

2:33 Phone ring... Euphoria ... Phone ringing. *[I knew my brother's family was in town and trying to reach me, so had agreed with Buzz Schmidt that I would not answer the phone except every hour on the hour, when he was to ring 3 times then call again. So I was deliberately not answering the phone at this time: it rang about a dozen times, but so expanded was my time sense it seemed an eternity.]*

When hand moves across vi *[word is incomplete; I meant to write "when my hand moves across my visual field..."]* sight is dissolving as I write this. After-images follow the moving hand. *[Although the printing is perfectly clear and normal, I recall it took an enormous effort of the will to concentrate on writing these words. I was trying to describe the phenomenon of a blurred after-image trailing behind any moving object; it was especially noticeable if I slowly*

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waved my hand with outstretched fingers between my eyes and the window]
3:04 Very drunk. Hand is purple. Advanced motoric unrest with pronounced desire to flatulate. *[The notes stop here, with this rather ironic remark.]*

Although I wrote (very clearly printed) that I was "very drunk," there was little or no muscular incoordination and no slurring of speech. The "advanced motoric unrest" refers to a restlessness and discomfort in sitting still for very long. At this point I finally reached Buzz on the phone and asked him to come over. My feelings were mixed: there was some anxiety that I would lose all consciousness or all rational control and I wanted someone around. Perhaps as much or more was the desire to have someone witness the extraordinary change I felt, or at least to some extent share in it by hearing my comments on what seemed an indescribably different interior state. However, I also realized at some level that I probably didn't look very different or even sound very different viewed from the outside.

It seemed like an hour before Buzz arrived; it was actually, as I could tell from my watch, about 10 minutes. During this time I was less anxious because I knew he was coming. There was a (subjectively very lengthy, even though I also knew it couldn't really be very lengthy because Buzz hadn't arrived) time when I felt that, if I let go just a bit more, or if I had taken just a bit more of the mescaline, that I would "lose" my body, and fall into something very much like death. At the same time, I was overwhelmingly aware of an absolute, unchangeable Presence of a Person or Power, which was unemotionally but irrevocably from its very essence benign, compassionate, and inextinguishable, even if my life seemed on the verge of extinction. I felt, in traditional religious terms, although they do not seem quite appropriate, that I was about to experience death but that I would survive or pass beyond death because of the relationship of God to my finite consciousness.

On a more trivial plane, as I was still waiting for Buzz to arrive, my cat Paca jumped up on the couch where I was lying and sat briefly on my feet. I say briefly because Buzz had not arrived and because I know the habits of my cat: she doesn't do this particular ritual for more than at most 5 minutes. However, it seemed to be a very long time. (It is impossible to describe how time seemed both endlessly extended, so that there was an infinite leisure to inspect every aspect of an impression, thought, observation, while it occurred frozen in time, and yet to be aware of all these events taking place somehow in ordinary chronology. It seems to me that if this time distortion were extrapolated to its natural conclusion I would be observing the phenomena in my consciousness not only with freedom to roam back and forth into a more extended before and after the momentary ictus of the normal extension of *time*, but that I would be able similarly to transcend the usually tiny extension we possess of *space*: I would be able to see the same object at the same time from both the front and the back; I

would even be able to float free from my body and see even my own body as an object suspended in an endless availability of both space and time. My consciousness seemed in other words to at least begin to transcend the location of my body and my bodily perceptions.)

The cat, as I say, jumped onto my feet and sat for a moment. As is the way with cats, she rippled her fur like a pond blown by the wind, and I had seen her do this many times before, but this time the ends of her black hair seemed to take on an unearthly copper shimmer. Indeed, it seemed that my entire visual field was composed of tiny mosaic octagonal or square pixels which moved simultaneously in a synchronized dance. I closed my eyes and blocked out all light with a pillow, but I saw very little if any of the geometric lights and colors described Dr. Weir Mitchell or others who had taken mescal buttons.

Other odd psycho-physiological symptoms which I noticed intermittently for the next few hours were (1) a tendency for my teeth to rattle as though I had a high fever (although I didn't feel cold); (2) a sensation of cobwebs over my face and lips, which I would brush away but which would immediately return; these were invisible but were very distinctly felt.

I had been listening to Henryk Gorecki's 3rd Symphony, the second and third (choral) movements, for about an hour (of course it seemed much longer). However, neither with my eyes closed nor open could I observe any synesthesia ("seeing" a sound) as others have described.

At this point Buzz finally arrived. He commented that I showed no signs of the giddiness or euphoria I had shown on Monday. As he talked, either when I changed the exact point of focus on his face or as he altered his expression, it seemed that his face momentarily "dissolved" then reemerged. *Dissolved* is not exactly the right word; it was perhaps as though the pixels in my retina were slowed in reacting to any alterations in the image presented to them. I commented that it improved his appearance by removing all the wrinkles from his forehead.

I complained half-seriously that I had failed to see any of the phantasmagoric colors and images seen by Huxley or Mitchell, and Buzz obligingly brought down a pot of vividly colored begonias. However, they looked the same to me, even viewed in a shaft of bright sunlight, as they always did.

I made some remark to the effect that any psychedelic visual effects would seem trivial compared to the profound religious experiences I had already had listening to Henryk Gorecki's 3rd Symphony, and Buzz said I would always regret it if I didn't listen to Beethoven's 9th. I said it was of no matter to me: I felt peacefully transcendent to any external event because of the sublime awareness I seemed to have of being one with God and the whole universe of spiritual and material beings, all of which I could somehow feel as being ineffably present.

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Nonetheless, Buzz brought me the 9th symphony and I began to listen to the 4th movement, while he continued to read a paperback detective story. I could just realize, by dragging myself away from the all-absorbing interior state of my mind, that he was bored by the whole process by now. Viewed from the outside, I supposed I was not very interesting.

I started to listen to the 4th movement and immediately felt so absorbed by the music that I wanted to close my eyes to concentrate. At the same time, I felt a great physical lassitude something like sleepiness. I was sitting, and when I closed my eyes and huddled over a pillow, I was supported enough so that I could have fallen asleep. But rather than falling into sleep, I seemed to fall into an intense dream-like state in which I was somehow able to observe with an almost icy intellectual clarity. I realize this all seems somewhat contradictory, but it was as though a clear analytical mind hovered over the dreaming psyche and understood at a much higher level all that the dreamer dreamt and felt. However, of course, I was both dreamer and mind.

What actually went through my mind as I listened to the 4th movement? It seems to me that a flood of ideas and a previously unrealized depth of understanding accompanied the hearing of the 4th; but I admit that now I am unable to articulate many of these ideas. Perceptually, the music seemed unprecedentedly clearly heard; I felt as though I could center my attention on one instrument, or one note, or one phrase of the chorus, and hear it with a clarity I had never heard before. At one point I remember saying to Buzz (who was boringly perusing his mystery story) "How could anybody who experienced this ever doubt the existence of God?" Perhaps this was because of the phrase "Brüder, über'm Sternenzelt, muss ein lieber Vater wohnen!"

This phrase had a particular meaning with relation to Buzz and his father: the night Buzz's father died, Buzz and I got in the car in the hospital parking lot, and on starting the car, the classical station on which the radio was set was playing this very phrase. Because of this association, I found myself thinking about Buzz and Buzz's Dad. Later, I told Buzz that I had completely understood the entire relationship of father to son, and didn't feel that anything like an Oedipal complex could ever bother me again. But what I meant by this I am not sure; on the one hand, I have no theoretical or propositional information about the Oedipal complex I didn't have before; yet on the other hand, I *felt* that I understand it and am at peace with all such issues as I have never been before. Similarly about the existence of God; there does seem to be an underlying peace and indubitableness about God that I didn't have before.

I also found myself telling Buzz that the presence of God was so evident because the horizon of all experience, the background which is the condition of possibility of any particular experience, had under the influence of mescaline become the simple, obvious, unquestionable foreground, while actual perceived objects had receded to the background.

God seemed in experience *there*, but not there as an object of experience among other objects but still as the all-encompassing horizon and presupposition of all being. Perhaps my experience of God was actually exactly the same as it always is, and my experience of Beethoven's 9th the same—but, much as the time distention allowed me a seeming luxury of time in which to hear and examine one particular note (even though the tempo of the work as a whole did not seem at all distorted), so it allowed me the time to hold all the objects of experience in suspension and, pushing them as it were gently aside, to see what is all the time ineluctably there as the ground of their being: God.

Now, this is all part of my usual philosophy and even part of the effort of my usual prayer. I am convinced of and believe Oswald Spengler's affirmation: "Das Du ist älter als das Ich," in the sense that our first experience (first both temporally and metaphysically) is not the experience of any one thing but the living context and condition of all experiences, is of an Absolute Other, already in relation to us as You, as I-Thou. And perhaps this experience I had in using mescaline could only be had because of the years I had spent thinking and meditating about God.

Huxley described the mescaline or LSD experience as a gratuitous grace: something neither necessary nor sufficient for "salvation," but something which nonetheless is of great help to salvation. It may be that one would only benefit from using psychedelics in prayer if one used them in continual dialogue and interactive dialectic with the effort of prayer and meditation in a normal state. I suspect this is so. Nonetheless, much as the more traditional mystical experience I had 15 years ago in Tertianship altered every moment of prayer I have had since, and completely transformed my relationship to God—so also, in an analogous way not exactly the same, has this mescaline experience.

About three times through my listening a second time to the 4th movement of Beethoven's 9th, I took off the earphones and said something to Buzz to the effect that I had just done the equivalent of two 30-day Ignatian retreats in one hour. While of course I was exaggerating, it did seem that there was a wealth of insight and affirming experience of the spiritual meaning of this very profound symphony, and with it everything else, equivalent in some way to the painful work of weeks of meditation.

Is this true? Well, I must say that now [I am writing this a week later] I cannot remember any specific concrete factoids that I have brought back from the world of contemplation: no "fruits of the meditation" or "resolves to improve." Then again, I have little respect for those rather juvenile epiphenomena of the purgative way as confirming the value of ordinary prayer.

Many years ago (before my tertianship experience, which radically changed my mode of prayer), I would typically pray by listening, eyes scrunched closed, to such a work of religious music as Bach's B-minor Mass or Beethoven's 9th. I would usually weep profusely

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and feel emotionally swept up, ecstatic, with the feelings I had about God, life, eternal life, Jesus, etc. Since my tertianship experience I have had very little of this: it suddenly seemed, after that momentary flash of insight, childishly unnecessary. Something like this transformation happened in this mescaline-influenced listening to the 9th: as the words of the Shiller ode rolled by in infinite time, I seemed to possess a transtemporal ego which, with an almost chilly but utterly satisfyingly eternal and irreplaceable rationality viewed each phrase of the chorus and knew exactly and fully all the emotional response that was appropriate to that phrase: yet my poor weak *Gemüt* didn't have to undergo the exhausting, draining emotional catharsis which this emotional response called for. My emotional being was totally quiescent, somewhat to my surprise: I *understood* without any need of *experiencing*, all the emotion the work rightly called for.

Now, in my pretertianship days, I would sometimes critically ask myself what good all these tears and sighs did. Well, it must have helped, I thought (and I think it did): it made the humdrum and the boring and the often tragically sad aspects of life more bearable. A morning did not go by when I didn't spend an hour engaged in this sort of very emotional prayer: sometimes I was drawn/tempted to spend up to two hours. After the tertianship experience, this gradually seemed increasingly unnecessary: life was not what I did for God or felt of God, it was what God gave me to do. To constantly insist on re-feeling the transcendent meaning of life in its relation to God was really due to an inadequate trust/faith/-insight/experience of the reality of God in everything, always and everywhere. Yet, during the period in which my prayer was very aesthetic-emotional, I was rarely to never able to remember during the day what exactly I had experienced in the morning's meditation which gave insight to the day's work. Just the fact that somehow I had touched base with my better self and my best intuition of God made the rest of the day seem livable. Indeed, I often thought that if I didn't pray, life would be completely meaningless, maybe even to the point of suicide.

Asking a similar question about my mescaline experience: what good did it do me? I find myself making a similar reply to my own critical superego. While I have no concrete aphorisms to lead life by, I think it is not entirely my imagination, or a placebo effect, that during the last week the recollection of the positive aspect of this mescaline experience (in contradistinction to the negative aspects of feeling "drunk" and out of control) has provided me with a peace and tranquillity which I would not otherwise have.

Am I just rationalising the use of a drug which, like alcohol, has some euphoric effects? Well, there are certainly some good aspects of attending a few glasses of a good wine in good company at the end of the day. In particular, one can feel helpfully distanced from the nose-to-the-grindstone pressure of workday accomplishments. And, in a social setting, realize that the simple gestures of human companionship and sharing of life are really

more important than the workday achievements for which we are paid. We do need to "get away," obtain a "mutatio phantasmatum" in order to continue to work as human beings, rather than slaves. The Jewish insight that God's 7th day of sabbatical rest was somehow the key to human dignity, that it was the nature of God to free the human spirit from slavery in Egypt, that what makes us human is not the ability to make bricks from straw and mortar but to love and laugh and hope and dream—this does call for a very profoundly religious experience of "recreation." "Der Mensch ist nur da ganz Mensch, wo er spielt." Recreational drugs?

Well, the experts all say that the properly psychedelic drugs (mescaline, psilocybin, LSD) have a low to negligible addictive potential. I confess it would be very hard for me to give up my daily evening wine (and I see no reason to do so). I have to say at this time that it would be very hard for me to give up the prospect of a rather systematic investigation of the properties of mescaline-meditation, carried out about every other week for the foreseeable future. I see no *intrinsic* or *moral* reason not to; of course I see some terrifying legal reasons not to, mescaline being a Schedule I drug. I would not describe the experience I had as "recreation" or "spielen," but it did have the very gratifying effect of distancing me from the compulsive, enslaving anxiety I usually feel about getting X, Y, or Z project done by this or that date. In this respect, it was very much like the tertianship experience, which also relativized all ordinary judgments about human success. I recall myself frequently saying to myself, after the tertianship long retreat "it doesn't matter." But, surprisingly, from a rather masochistic denigration and renunciation of all my human talents, which had been my *de facto* attitude *before* this tertianship experience, I found myself transformed into a mild workaholic: from being a chaplain at Cook County Hospital, a job of only masochistic utility, I found myself in two weeks teaching chemistry at a high school, and from thence to a PhD and a college professorship was a linear course. I could work so hard because I knew it wasn't the work that mattered, but the One who made work and the worker.

I think that the peace and distancing from the demands of ordinary life that I am experiencing as an aftereffect of the mescaline experience is similar. And perhaps the fact that I am writing this at midnight in a motel room halfway back to Baltimore shows this: I really think there is something here which, used correctly, is neither enslaving nor addicting but humanizing; and it is something worth telling people about.

FRIDAY, 2 JULY 1993

8:00PM Of the 0.967 g of putative LSD in one of the capsules I took from Henry Freimuth's office, I have just touched a small amount to my tongue. A slightly bitter taste. The powder is not soluble in water. I assume, since it came from one gelatin capsule that (a)

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it is a standard dose; (b) it was at least once LSD, since Henry was a fairly well-regarded toxicologist in his day; (c) it may have decomposed after exposure to light and oxygen and be entirely inert.

Hofmann could perceive an effect after about 40 minutes. But he took a relatively mammoth dose: 25 mg! There should be some effect, if the stuff is still active, in an hour.

8:15PM Have taken about 0.3 of the total amount of the powder by now. No obvious effects. My temperature on a digital thermometer is 97.9 F. But have been using cold lemonade to wash it down.

8:20PM About 0.5 of the powder now consumed.

8:25PM All of the powder has now been swallowed. No effects yet.

8:35PM Temperature now 98.6 F. Exactly normal.

8:40PM Aside from slight nervousness (sweaty palms), and a bitter taste in my mouth, I have no perceptible reactions. I am somewhat apprehensive, since I am alone (except for the cat).

8:45PM Temperature is now 99.2 Fahrenheit. This shows a steady rise over the last 0.5 hour, but since I washed down the (putative) LSD with cold lemonade, my mouth may be just recovering from the chill. On the other hand, this is 0.5 degrees above normal, and I usually am at or below normal.

9:00PM No effects yet but my own nervousness. Temperature is now 99.0 F. If it turns out, as seems quite likely, that this stuff is long decomposed, this will have a certain advantage: I can stick to my own synthesis of one and only one substance, mescaline, and continue to become familiar with its effects and compare them. But still must wait and see.

9:05PM Temperature 98.9 F. No effects not attributable to my imagination.

9:20PM Exactly one hour since the last of the powder was taken. Temperature 98.9 F. Still no effects. A shame, really. Too much light and oxygen; or it never was LSD? According to Grinspoon, psychological effects should start 45 min to an hour after consumption, reach a peak at 2-3 hours, and last for 8-12 hours. Will do some more reading, drinking no alcohol etc. for another hour, then conclude the experiment is a washout if

nothing has occurred.

9:40PM Feel slightly dizzy. I wonder if I should take the remaining two vials on the off chance that there is some small quantity left in all of them so that cumulatively I could get enough for an effect. Will wait until 10:00 to see how I feel then.

10:00PM Feel slightly dizzy and some heaviness breathing--like a very dilute version of my feelings with mescaline. Temperature still 98.9 F. Am tempted to take the remaining two vials, since there might be cumulatively enough to get some effect. But it is late...

10:20PM I shall have a glass of wine or two and go to bed. Have a slight headache, but this may be do to alcoholic withdrawal!

SATURDAY 3 JULY

NOON Temperature 98.0 F. Took about 0.64 g mescaline sulfate. This consisted of three batches (0.303, 0.301, and 0.040 g) of admittedly less than analytical purity. E.g. the mp (lit variously 183, 186, 189) is about 170 for one batch, 175 for the other--as taken by a student). However, the IR was good for the main first product from which these all came, and the likely byproducts aren't known to be toxic. [At least the hydroxymescaline is known to be a mild hallucinogen having about 1/7 the strength of mescaline; but I doubt if I have the hydroxymescaline, since my acid was well above 10% in concentration.] So. I will purify the next batch I make with much greater care; had to get the knack of how to recrystallize the stuff.

I dissolved each batch in about an oz of water, stirred it till it dissolved, and drank it. Slightly bitter, but no worse tasting than an aspirin tablet. Don't know why Djerassi found the taste so disagreeable, but maybe he was sprinkling the powder directly onto his pizza. I washed the whole down with a little more RT water and a handful of peanuts.

12:25PM Within 20 minutes a very perceptible dizziness. Now feel very swoony. Temperature 98.7 F. Feel I must lie down. Hands pretty shakey, some shortness of breath.

12:40PM I feel pretty awful. Huge amounts of sympathomimetic effects, or so it seems. I feel very trembly, dizzy, short of breath. Muscles in legs seem weak, but I can walk ok when I try. Temperature 98.5 F. My hands are shaking very much so it is difficult to type. Why I do this to myself, I don't know. It is really at this stage very unpleasant. Again, something like chills and fever, but not exactly that either.

12:56PM Rousseau's *sleeping gypsy* shimmering and dissolving before my eyes.

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Temperature 98.6 F. I am very very shakey. Hands shaking like palsy. Terrible taste in mouth. Some cobwebs over face. Sweaty palms. When eyes close lots of colors.

1:12 Very difficult to type this. After images of everything. Rousseau fantastic.

Temperature 98.9F. Everything is getting blurred.

1:31 temperature (screen is fractioning before my eyes, but I kinda know this is all a drunken experience. Sounds seem three dimensional. Temperature 98.8 cobwebs everywhere. Screen seems to be falling into geometric figures. cant go on must leave will save

2:51 it is impossible that I am really able to write this. But I am, oddly enough.

All my perceptions are totally estranged. I do hear tastes and see sounds. Is that odd? It doesn't even seem odd to me.

3:27 temperature 98.2 but not sure what this means

5:15 pm temperature 97.9

5:30 What I am just able to say I want to say is: behind all the drunkenness and behind all the dreams, is there something real? Or do I just like the incredible (a) challenge of thinking at all (b) the incredible break from the monotony of monday to saturday life; whewh!

Certainly there is at least that.

6:15PM I guess it all comes down to at least this: it's worth being stark raving mad out of one's mind for a day (seems like a week) to hear music and meaning in beethoven's ninth just once. Worth the wierd phantasmagorical colorschemes and the cobwebs all over my face and the terrible shaking in my hands. Thank god for keyboards, which are actually very forgiving.

7:07 pm It is as though one heard not B's 9 but hearing itself for the first time; exactly as Huxley said, like the utterly aboriginal freshness of hearing hearing for the first time, like Adam. Hearing the sound of sounds.

But in addition, the 9th is ecstatically beautiful and meaningful. Even though I am trembling like a leaf and there are cobwebs over everything and the dumb house finch out on the feeder there can't really be so splendidly colorful.....

7:10 pm this time I will be able to take my temperature again, I think. It is like a great victory over God. The Hopkins sonnet about fighting with God. To re=emerge sane or at least with the possibility of a distant view of something like sanity is so refreshingly different. Yes, I will take my temperature. 99.3, I think; but I cant seem to hear the little beep, which I

know rationally is supposed to occur.....I will try again.98.9 but I still cant hear it. 98.9

I wonder if I have done my ears permanent damage by listening to beethoven's 9th at some astronomical volume with earphones. Everything seems strangely silent and my ears seem plugged with cotton. Of course this could all be part of the cobweb synddrome. There are lots of cobwebs still around; all over my face and mouth. But the trembling is better now, I think. And obviously, I'm typing gangbusters. I may need to, if I am deaf, like B, for life. Oh well. There is a certain sweet irony to it all; going deaf on B listening to it for the first time. I felt, indeed, at one point that I was B in heaven listening to it, as he msut have had to to in heaven, for the first time. Very ecstatic indeed. I can now dryly recall, not too clearly.

I'm not too sure what the value of all this is. There is some sort of religious ecstatic experience, yes. There is also a HELL OF A BREAK FROM REALITY!!!!. WHEREVER REALITY STOPS AND STARTS I CERTAINLY WAS FINALLY BAMBOOZLED; ONLY AS I BEGAN TO COME OUT OF IT AROUDND 5 OCLOCK DID I FEEL KIND OF VICTORIUOUS AND GRATEFUL TO GOD THAT I WON MY SANITY BACK. BECAUSE THE GREAT SUPEREGO SURE GAVE OUT AT SOME POINT OR I WAS JUST TOTALLY LOST IN THE SHELL GAME!!! I GAVE UP! WHERE WAS I? WHERE WAS MY EYE'S EYE? MY I'S I? ETC. OH HELL.

I am going to try to take a brief walk outside or at least sit on the balcony to test some reality.thunder am unplugging

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7:44 AM Mescalinaus lasted an awfully long time; above where I was afraid I had gone deaf, I realized this morning was probably due to the fact that my time distortion was still operative and I didn't realize it. Later, much later, around 10 or 11 pm, when I was trying to call Buzz Schmidt in Chicago, I realized I was calling every 3 minutes or so thinking about an hour had passed. Sure enough, this morning I tested the digital thermometer: you have to wait about 2 minutes before it beeps that it has reached an equilibrium temperature, and of course I couldn't wait 2 minutes--it seemed like 2 hours. Both the thermometer and my ears are working fine. I also found a document saved from yesterday at about 5:36 which consists of one statement: Hide the document, please. I have no memory of writing or saving this; although I distantly recall trying to hide the screen because someone might come in and see it. A little fringe of paranoia, which I was sometimes aware of and resisted and at other times perhaps not aware of, characterized much of last evening.

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All in all, a very intense experience, and one which started as little as 20 minutes after taking the 640 mg and was full-blown within an hour; for about 2 hours, I think I was essentially out of my mind and have little recollection of what was happening. It was much like being run over by a freight train. There was a lot of color and shape distortion, with eyes open and closed—but usually when open and looking at Henri Rousseau's *Sleeping gypsy* and/or one of Matisse's anemonies paintings. As late as about 9 pm yesterday evening, looking at the sleeping gypsy caused the colors to begin to dissolve and change from deep purple to pale baby blue. I also noticed a Japanese demon figure that hangs on my living room wall about 9 last night and then remembered that it had been thrashing wildly to and fro in perfect synchronization to the tympani of (Beethoven?) at some time in the midafternoon. It was quite quiescent by 9 pm, however. I remember some lightening-like flashes of light and some painting at some time making electric like scramblings of its shapes and colors in rhythm to the music, but I don't now recall what it was I was looking at when this occurred. Also the birds on the feeder outside were gloriously phosphorescent and iridescent like tropical birds—even though at the same time a part of my mind knew quite well that they were ordinary house finches.

Well, I could go on, but I have to get to work on this damned book.

MONDAY 5 JULY 1993

Last nite, at almost midnight, as I was about to go to bed, I remembered the 9th symphony again. Even now, I can almost hear in my imagination the unearthly portentousness of its sound. I can also hear bar after bar from memory as I couldn't before. I think the Japanese demon was thrashing to the part of the symphony: "Ja, wer auch nur eiene Seele/sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund;/Und wer nie's gekonnt, der stehle/weinend sich aus diesem Bund." The figurine in question is not very subtly phallic: it has a very long protuding nose and two bells that hang at its neck. In retrospect, the perfectly synchronized thrustings seem mockingly sexual, although it didn't seem to me that way at the time. I was mostly just blankly staring at its wild movements. This was not the only instance of synesthesia, of seeing sounds. There were many others which I can't clearly recall.

All in all, a rather terrifying experience, although there were some memorably beautiful moments and although I can very easily—this is the really scary part—imagine it being much more terrifying. And it lasts so long! I honestly don't know what to think about it. I would feel more willing to continue this experimentation—because there are unquestionable psychospiritual riches to it, at least potentially—if (a) I had something which didn't last 12 hours and, especially, (b) if there were someone here in Baltimore whom I could trust to be with me or at least on call. But I can't think of anyone. Bill Sneck is the first person who comes to mind, but he's going to be on sabbatical during the next academic year.

Thursday, 8 July 1993. Further reflections. First some odd phenomena. Last Saturday night I finally fell asleep about 1 or 2 in the (Sunday) morning and slept dreamlessly. But every night since then, I have awakened two or more times in the night with the last movement of Beethoven's 9th—I would like to say "thundering," but this would be an exaggeration—running very vigorously through my mind. Now my whole life long, I have almost always "heard" music in my imagination in the background whenever I am awake. I very often play classical music when I am working; mostly because I enjoy it, but also because of a quasi-withdrawal syndrome: if I don't change the record, so to speak, the same melody is likely to repeat itself endlessly, and annoyingly. Since Saturday, the choral movement of Beethoven's 9th seems to have been "kindled" into my brain neurons, to use an analogy from epilepsy. I can run through it in my head with a clarity and vividness it never had before. Sometimes, as at night, it has a solemn and portentous depth, as though it were being played in an immense underground cathedral carved into a mountain, that is on the borderline of being threatening.

Additionally, there is a certain religious peace, a measurable lowering of background existential anxiety as to my ultimate meaningfulness/meaninglessness/destiny. This seems to come from some sort of reassurance gotten by Saturday's experience, but I don't have any clear notion of why I feel thus reassured. An odd paradox: on the one hand, while I watched with absorbed fascination while the Japanese idol danced and gyrated on its string in perfect synchrony to the beat of the music, and clearly *saw* it move—if anyone had asked me at the time, I would have told them that I of course *knew* it wasn't really moving, but that this was an effect of the mescaline. I never at any time, either during or after the experience, had the slightest doubt that this was something perceived but not really happening, like the mirage of water on the blacktop on a summer day. On the other hand, the religious and mystical penumbra of the experience seemed both then and now valid—more so then than now, but nonetheless it seemed that in exchange for an irreality in the immediate superficial perceptions of life one had obtained an added access to the sort of realities that are in ordinary experience only accessible rarely and with great difficulty.

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FRIDAY/SATURDAY 16/17 JULY 1993 [But written later; actually on Sunday 18 at 12:40 PM, having taken as noted below 0.255 mg of the HCl salt at 3:00 AM. But I think I am 90% or more out of the influence by now.] Friday and Saturday found me occupied with an obnoxiously time-consuming wedding rehearsal/event, the which I had been lured against my better judgment to consent to the performing of almost 2 years (!) ago. (Yes! What can you say when they ask you if you will be busy July 18 two years in the future! It's hard to use the usual social fetishes of the previous dinner engagement.) Too occupied with the wedding plans to work on my book, so I wandered into the lab and reattacked the matter of two vials I had, one which I was fairly sure was the crystalline carbonate formed from the free base after it stood in an open beaker in the freezer a week. Sure enough, it fizzed when I added HCl. I had further some crystalline HCl material; combining them both, I recrystallized 2x by dissolving in MeOH and adding enough ethyl ether to induce crystallization. This worked very well, just as it had with the sulfate. Wednesday, I got from Border's bookstore in Towson the copy of Shulgin's *PIHKAL—A Chemical Love Story*. An astonishing revelation to read this! On the one hand I am flabbergasted at the number of new substances he and his wife and friends have so boldly "tasted." On the other hand, I am relieved: I think my fears about mescaline are ungrounded; it is pretty gentle compared to LSD (they compare them). On the other hand, I am impressed to see that the 640 mg I took last time is more than any of the Shulgin group ever dared to take (and I weigh only 125 lbs, so on a mg/kg basis!). But then I too found it much too much. Did I mention, I don't think I did, that at some point in that last *rausch* I was trying very hard to decide whether I, *I*, was the chair (!) to the left or the chair to the right. But I was convinced that I was a chair; just not sure which one. I am not sure what religious or other significance this has, although it is not an untypical sort of ego loss accompanying large doses of LSD. (I am always secretly cheering for humble simple little old ancient Amerindian mescaline when it can manage to do something as impressive as its big bossy semisynthetic brother LSD. Not only is my lot cast with mescaline for the ineluctable reason that I can make it without alerting the authorities, but it is consoling to know it has been used for religious purposes for probably 4000 years. It's nice to think I am learning something from my brothers [the sexism is intended: like orthodox Jews, only the men sit in the tipi during the peyote services] in a "primitive" religion: but then *Deine Zauber binden wieder, was die Mode streng geteilt*, and besides noone could be as primitive as our present Pope.)

At any rate, after collecting these HCl batches in a weighed vial and putting it in the vacuum dessicator overnite, I returned briefly on Saturday PM after the wedding (skipped the reception, which I know was rather passive-aggressive of me—but that's the way I felt, used: too much to go into here, but it only confirms my intention to leave all future weddings to

parishes and parish priests where they belong) and weighed the HCl salts: exactly 0.255 g.

On returning here to my apartment/dorm, I found that this is, according to Shulgin, minus 0.001 g from being the equivalent of 400 mg of the sulfate. And 400 mg was exactly the dosage I had determined to take next time, having made a retrospective adjudication of the dosage-response curve from the last 3 times. So it seemed too providential to resist, and I resolved that I would take this batch at about 3:00 the following (Sunday) AM. It had also occurred to me that dawn would be a good time, both for the light, the peace, and the mood for prayer, in which to be a few hours under the influence, so I decided on 3:00.

As it turned out, I woke spontaneously at 2:59 the next morning and at first felt I was mad to get up, and wanted to roll over and go to sleep . . . but I got up, as is revealed below.

Another matter: Alexander Shulgin says that despite the beautiful and characteristic crystals that mescaline sulfate forms, the sulfate has an intrinsically waffly melting point because of various amounts of water of hydration. I no longer feel so bad about the range of mp for my sulfate samples above. So he always used the HCl salt, but translated into equivalents of the sulfate, in which mescaline is more traditionally measured. I shall do the same henceforth, for I now realize that MeOH and EtOEt are totally miscible, not surprising, but even when diluted by as much as 1/3 with conc HCl. I had thought the ionic strength of the aqueous acid would force an emergence of a separate water layer. But not so; all three are nicely miscible in these proportions, so it should be easy to neutralize the free base in MeOH with conc HCl (aq) and the dilute with ether to crystallize. (Alternately, I have some 1 M HCl in ethyl ether.) [For editorial honesty: it is now exactly 1:04 PM Sunday 18 July as I write this period:.)

SUNDAY 18 JULY 1993 [began writing the following at 7:40 AM]

3:00 AM 0.255 mg of the HCl salt.

5:00 AM Tried listening to Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*. Not impressed.

6:00 AM Out at the pond. Blue Heron. Ducks. Unbelievable ripples; reflection of willow trees in pond water. Bubbles of methane from decomposing sedge.

6:45 AM "Dazzle" software. Very trashy.

7:00 AM Back to Beethoven' *Missa*. Now seeming much more beautiful. Mary and "ex Maria virgine" seemed very sweet: I almost understood the fright and hope and trust in a young girl's eyes. Indeed, I saw it in Catherine's eyes yesterday at the wedding, for all the

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cynicism of our modern age. Found myself wondering/almost experiencing the utter differentness to be a young woman; the vulnerability that males never experience.

7:30 AM Only now have I realized there is beginning some time distention/distortion. Until now things have been quite chronological.

7:47 AM The above I have just written (it was not written at the time indicated). I am now writing and it is 7:47 AM. I am very conscious now of extreme time dilation. A lot of peripheral (that is non-CNS) disturbances: some desire to clench jaw, very trembly hands. And something I cannot tell whether it is central or peripheral (it must be central!); the room, shall I say, *wants* to sway around me; but I do not let it.

My theory is that there is a lot of this which will be like learning to ride a bicycle; and this has been to a large extent true. That is, this morning I was quite blasé about many impending symptoms and signs; I had seen them all before. I was less fascinated by the trashier aspects of the experience.

7:55 AM The interior sensation I have of being on the deck of a swaying, surging ship is not, I believe mirrored in any actual inability to navigate from one room to another. But I shall submit this to the test by attempting to walk a bit. [Please note the utter coherence and intelligence of my writing, which is taking place right now at 7:57 AM, under a very very intense Mescalinaus! See? This is not like alcohol. I would be simply stuporous, were I equivalently (but there is no equivalent) drunk on alcohol; actually, I would be sound asleep and unable even to type incoherencies.] Well, to the test of walking. . . .

8:04 AM Yes, I walk perfectly all right, but my hands tremble terrifically. If it weren't for the ubiquitousness of digital chronometers, I would never believe that only 10 minutes has passed since my last writing—but you have heard all this before, so I won't repeat myself. The sensation of (interior?) swaying is new and newly intense. Or perhaps the last time I was simply too blotto to even have been able to record it. The Bach cantata being played on the radio seems in incredible slow-motion even though it doesn't sound wrong. As I focus on something the peripheral objects tend to melt and swirl, though not very drastically. Well, I think I will go back to experiencing rather than observing myself. Goodbye for now. A last observation about this Wordperfect 6.0 software. Why is it when I click on the SAVE button bar (which I installed, so maybe I made a mistake), I get a save, as requested, but then in the reveal codes box there is a [Bookmark:QuickMark] inserted. I have no idea what a Bookmark: QuickMark is—well, I have some idea, enough to know I don't want one inserted everytime I save. But, as I say, goodbye for now: it is 8:12 AM in VERY slow time.

9:30 AM Some valuable psychotherapeutic insights, which I shall exercise the option of not sharing with this journal. However, as with the spiritual insights, there is this contrast: during the last hour numerous have been the "visuals" as Shulgin (PIHKAL) would put it. But these are seen for what they are: often fascinating, but not real. But the psychodynamic insights: these are perfectly correct. Actually, they are nothing I haven't seen before, but as with sense perceptions, they seem more deeply felt (even though at the same time there is great intellectual distance from the feeling; it is in this respect also that this state of existence resembles that brief, oh so brief, flash of insight I had in Tertianship of the Eternity of God).

For some reason, at this time (now 6.5 h after ingestion) the somatic phenomena seem more obnoxious than ever: teeth wanting to chatter, cobwebs over the lips (a familiar phenomenon which, however, I haven't experienced this time until now).

Well, I think I will try Beethoven again. Bye for now. Yes, after the save the bookmark. Drat.

10:12 AM From the *et incarnatus est* and (twice?) the coda after coda after coda of the wonderful fugue-like *et vitam venturi saeculi—Amen* (what an *Amen*!! Eternity is there!). Now it seemed clear to me, among many other things, that God would choose to reveal Himself as he chuz, as he would choose, as always. And of course taking this or any drug would have nothing to do with that. But, if he so chuzes, and I think some day He will, to do so while I have the extraordinary perceptivity I enjoy in this very blessed state—well, it will be so much the better. For *nihil in intellectu nisi prior fuerit in sensu*, and God must always speak to me in this life *per modum recipientis*, through my attuned or ill-attuned sense.

Well, I have already said this directly to Ludwig van B., but how utterly revealing he (LvB) is of himself in this Credo. It is Ludwig from the heart telling us how deeply he believes, and how utterly profoundly he hopes and yearns to believe in a world to come. And what better argument or proof of the absolute requisiteness of such a world could there be than the unutterable cruelty otherwise of so beautiful a soul as LvB not ever either experiencing his own works (especially experienced in their spiritual reality, which the physical playing and hearing is nothing to) or, still more unjustly, not being praised by the Creator for the unbelievable Glory of his achievement. I could dig up that quote from *Emile*, I think it is, of Rousseau, but I will spare the reader.

And finally, speaking of simple perceived sonicality, as opposed to the transcendent sense of its spiritual meaning: what is wrong with my recording? As I listened, I could hear a horrific *buzz* whenever there was a total rest in the score. Of course, I have never heard this before, since I have only heard it before in an unaltered state. I checked, and it is supposedly an all-digital work, DDD. It's von Karajan, the Wiener Singknaben, etc. etc. I

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think I'm going to have to buy another version. Also, how I miss Margaret Hillis's uncanny *perfect* consonantal articulations, even when directing a chorus of 1,000. Once you hear it, as in my version (Solti) of the 9th, anything less becomes painful. I could often not hear the final t's in this von Karajan recording. And where does the buzz come from? I can't believe its really digital.

Very delicately, I was singing along a bit with the Amens, and perhaps this or just my seemingly zonked-out state on the bed with a pillow under my head and another over my eyes—at any rate the cat became uncommonly concerned, for her, and kept licking my hand or what she could get to of my face. Finally she seemed to think things were ok and went off to look out the window.

Somatics: still pretty shakey. No visuals with the pillow over the eyes: I just do that so I can concentrate on the sound. Goodbye again. It's now 10:30. See ya!

12:00 N A bit depressing to realize reentry into a very workaholic world is approaching. By the way. We workaholics. They always say you should take one day of the week just for yourself. And I've never been able to. Now this certainly qualifies—of course, it's sort of cheating, since I am exploring both chemicals and my soul, both of which are vocations and hence not entirely divorced from obligation, etc.

I realized what the problem probably was with the CD sound: I am using a portable, and have it attached to an adaptor, which makes an invariable 60 cps hum, although I hadn't noticed it before. I put in 4 AA alkalines, and the hum disappeared.

Multis cum lachrimis, as the spiritual writers would say, on listening to B's *Agnus Dei*, at least the final *dona nobis pacem*. How unworthy we have been of Beethoven! The slaughter of the Napoleonic wars, the American Civil, WWI, II. The irony is that no one heard better than he, and none have proved so deaf as we. So deaf to so poignant a plea for peace.

I think that, despite a few residual visuals, I am cold "sober" enough to go back and fill in the explanation for the dosage form change of today (hydrochloride instead of sulfate). But just to be scrupulously honest, I will insert it above, where it belongs (Friday & Saturday) with a clear notation as to when I am actually writing it (i.e. now, about noon, Sunday 18 July).

Also, I realize that I was unable or unwilling this AM to explain the very jejune remarks about the heron (a Great Blue, I think it is; slate-blue back, white breast, a cute little floppy thing off its head like a pheasant has) etc. around the Notre Dame/Loyola library pond. About 6 to 6:30, I think it was. Time did not yet seem distorted: that only seemed to be noticeable, as I mention above, around 7:30. But the clarity of vision and sound was absolutely preternatural. A lovely cool bright dawn. The pond was full of ducks, as it

always is, and they seem almost oblivious to my presence, being after all virtually domesticated. But the heron—who isn't hunting, because he's sitting up on the balcony overlooking the water, not on one leg in the water; I think he just likes to think of himself as King Heron at this time of the morning (I saw him once before in midday more than a year ago), Lord of all he surveys—was very aware of my slow approach and eventually flew off in his sluggish way, uttering a painfully roucous skwak of protest. Well, now I know where and when he can be found. I shall return. I thought I could just sit on the brick wall overlooking the pond and watch the ducks, and did for some time. Over on Television Hill, the strobe lights up the antennae were piercing, even in the light of near day. But the phosphorescent green of the willows! As time went on, I realized I was getting more and more perceptual alterations and feared someone would find me staring idiotically at the ripples in the stream or the trees, and so reluctantly, like the heron, returned home. But it wasn't idiotic, what I saw, it was like Adam's first day again. The ripples in the pond made by either the methane gas bubbling up from the bottom (much more of this than I had ever noticed before; smelled pretty awful, but the ducks seemed to love it and kept mucking right into it) or by the ducks paddling, intersected and formed the most unbelievably lovely patterns, which tended to "set" and "reset" in a mosaic-like of still-takes. (Fellow addicts will know what I mean; the rest of you poor, hopeless boobs will have to take it on faith.)

As I walked sadly away, the trees appeared lined up as though they were cardboard stage sets, plane after plane of them marching back to the pink horizon. The violet of the !?—don't know what these flowers are that grow wild next the cattails in the mucky little island midst the pond, but the colors were utterly ravishing. As were the orange of the not-yet-opened day lillies. I say *were* because one never sees just one color; it seems that even my untrained eye was seeing what the impressionist painters saw: blues and purples and browns in what I always took for ordinary green, etc.

Came back inside and couldn't resist trying out a software shareware program I have long had and should send some money in for, if for no reason than the momentary and quite tacky thrill it gave me to watch it this AM. It's a screen saver called DAZZLE, and creates a never repeating (so they say; some seemed pretty similar to me) kaleidoscope of vividly colored and changing patterns, usually with twofold, often with fourfold or sixfold symmetry. Very stunning, but as I wrote at the time, somewhat trashy a pleasure. Nonetheless, it gave me some sewer consolation for loss of the rippling pond and King Heron.

I guess nothing else from this AM needs elaboration. Will return to explaining dosage, as I started to do above (it is now 12:38 PM).

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MONDAY 26 JULY 1993. Some thoughts over the past week about M. On Monday 19, the day after taking 400 MSE [mescaline sulfate equivalents], had the following feelings about it all. Firstly, a distinct sense of repugnance for taking M anytime soon. No hangover effect, and I felt rested enough [although I am still working on ratcheting my sleep schedule back to a regular 4:00 AM rising time], but maybe the feeling that it is too traumatically like running the psyche through a vigorous wash, wring, and dry cycle. But there may be some sort of neurophysiological sensation involved, because my repugnance faded over the next three days in proportion to what has been shown to be the 3-day period of acquired tolerance to M [shared cross-tolerance to LSD & psilocybin is the same]. Because be Thursday 22 July it seemed again an interesting and desirable thing to do, although I couldn't like doing it any more frequently than every two weeks: it is too time-consuming, yes, but that isn't really it; it is too psychoenergy consuming, sor something more like that.

I am becoming convinced that you get out of a psychedelic experience exactly what you bring to it and nothing more. Yes, there is a greatly enhanced sensitivity and perceptivity of the religious or cosmic dimension of experience, as there is an enhanced perceptivity of vision and hearing. But you won't "see" any more of God than you already do all the time unnoticed.

What particularly convinces me of this is a book *The Private Sea: LSD and the Search for God*, by William Braden [Quadrangle Books: Chicago, 1967]. Braden is a journalist for the *Sun Times* and amateur theology student. He writes in a period in which he feels traditional institutional Western religions are threatened by a) the LSD cult; b) the intrusion of Eastern monistic systems; c) the "Death of God" theology. After about 200 pages spent painfully wrestling with these threats, which one comes to feel are threats to his own beliefs, he describes how he finally "having been reminded often enough of those schoolmen who would not look through Galileo's telescope" took part in a psychedelic experiment at Ridgeway psychiatric hospital in Chicago. The date was May 1966, and because LSD had just been made illegal the doctors gave him 490 mg of mescaline, which they assured him produced the same effects as LSD. Yes and no, I think.

At any rate, he has a wrenchingly painful experience in which I is flooded by the realization that "we are alone" [i.e. that there is no God, just us folks], triggered by having someone slip a set of earphones over his head from behind of Beethoven's Eroica and then walk out the door leaving him alone in the room. [This is poor guidance; playing tricks by doing something unannounced—either putting on the music or leaving the room—can be very frightening to someone in a psychedelic state. I feel sure everyone from Huxley and Leary to Pahnke and Kurland would disapprove.] "Now I though that I knew this truth: the deadly and unbearable truth that *nobody created us . . . wwe created ourselves*. That was the horror that

we couldn't live with, I thought—anything rather than that—and I raved to Jim: "Tell the truth now, Jim. There is no God, is there? Oh God. It's awfully hard. Why does life have to be so hard? Why can't everything be nice? Oh God . . . God. I don't want life to be *this* way. . . It took courage to BE, just as Tillich said, and most of us didn't have that courage. So we rejected our Being—and not by killing ourselves, because death was impossible, but by denying our real identity. By refusing to face what we actually were. 'Jim,' I said, 'we're all there is.' 'That's right, buddy boy.'" comes the answer from Jim, an obnoxiously insensitive jerk, in my view.

This could be described as a mystical experience of atheism. But one has the distinct impression that the fears the author was wrestling with throughout the book are only seen and felt more honestly and more painfully under the influence of M. He is really an unwilling anonymous atheist, to use Rahner's term. Just as many Church authorities are willing anonymous atheists. Well, this is unfair: they, too, would like to be able to believe in God. But whether or not they can or do, they must make themselves think they believe in God for reasons of power or security.

Actually, there are elements in Braden's experience which he feels might indicate he was misinterpreting it. My belief is that his M experience is just an amplification of his usual experience in which he is looking in the wrong place for God. Instead of encountering God directly in his experience, however vague and unsettling that experience is, he is looking for it in empty institutional structures, authorities, theologies, etc. He has learned not to see God in ordinary experience, and this is only reinforced when his ordinary experience is subjected to the microscope of M.

TUESDAY 27 JULY 1993

I have just realized that there was a typo in Shulgin's book and the amount of M I actually took last week, on Sunday 18 July was only about 2/3 what I thought it was; specifically, I was not taking the equivalent of 400 mg (sulfate) M but only 288 mg. I had intended to recalculate his numbers, but at some point didn't bother. And any idiot, just looking at the numbers, should have known what was wrong. But as I looked at them I kept stewing over in my mind one of the problems I have almost everytime I read the chemical literature about M or some of the other amine sulfate salts: when they say "sulfate" do they mean the acid sulfate or the true sulfate, and how many molecules of water of crystallization are there? But the Shulgin line (p. 703 of PIHKAL) reads:

DOSAGE: 200-400 mg (as the sulfate salt), 178-256 mg (as the hydrochloride salt). Obviously, it should be 178-356. I calculated it out, and finally figured out he was assuming that the ordinary sulfate salt in the psychological and psychedelic literature was the true sulfate with two molecules of water of crystallization. So, if $M = C_{11}H_{17}NO_3$, then the usual

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sulfate salt in which dosages of M are estimated is $C_{22}H_{34}N_2O_6H_2SO_4 \cdot 2H_2O$, [henceforward MS] with a formula weight of 556.58, and the hydrochloride salt is $C_{11}H_{17}NO_3HCl$, [henceforward MC] with a formula weight of 247.75. But it's the molecule of M that affects you, so 0.5 moles of the sulfate is the equivalent of 1.0 mole of the hydrochloride. That is, rounding off, 248 mg of the hydrochloride is the equivalent of 278 mg of the sulfate. The ratio of MC to MS is then 0.89, and this corresponds to Shulgin's $178/200 = 0.89$. A table would be helpful:

<u>MS in mg:</u>	<u>Equivalent MC in mg:</u>
100	89
150	133
200	178
250	222
300	267
350	311
400	356
450	400
500	445
550	490
600	534
650	578

And last week, when I took 256 mg of MC, I was taking the MS equivalent of $(256/0.89=)$ 288 mg. Henceforth, will mean the MS equivalent unless specifically stated otherwise.

Now the problem is, what should I try next time? The 600+ mg of the sulfate I took two times ago was too much; the 225 I took the first time, back in Chicago, was too little. The 288 I took last week was definitely effective, but a little more might bring on something more dramatic in my perceptions of the Big One. I think I will try 400 next time, which was what I was trying to use last time. The 500+ mg I took on my second try produced a moderately scary experience, but I think I could control it now. So 400 should be about right. Just as a benchmark: Huxley took 400 mg (p 12 of *Doors*); Shulgin's range is 200-400; Grinspoon says "the effective dose is about 200 mg"; the 3 psychiatric residents & Sinnet took only 200 [and it specifies that it was the sulfate] and Sinnet had a surprisingly extreme reaction, lying on the floor like a psychotic ("Experience and Reflections")—this probably shows the effect of set and setting, it being the very early days of experimentation and all involved being quite convinced that psychotic behavior was to be expected; Humphry's unnamed psychiatrist patient took 400 ("On Being Mad"); Braden (above) was given 490; the German group in 1992 used 500. It is interesting that the doses seem to get larger the later the year of the study, showing familiarity with the drug, maybe. But Humphry seemed to be

450-470

giving 400 as a standard dose early in the game: he was the unnamed experimenter in Huxley's book who administers the drug to him. So, in summary, 400 seems a very reasonable amount. After all, I have survived 640 with no permanent damage (of course most of my acquaintances probably think my mental state is long past the possibility of perceptible damage); that is more than anyone I have read about yet, though I'm sure some people have taken more.

By the way, I took the mp of the HCl salt I used last time and it was within 2 degrees of the lit value (181 C). So it was quite pure. I made a new batch this weekend and got it to crystallize yesterday; looks very pure, and mp is: softens 178, melts 179.5. Only about 1.00 g in this first crop, though—not a great yield from 4.5 g of the nitrostyrene, but then there is some more crystallizing out in the freezer.

Yesterday, with divided heart, I told Ed Glynn about my experiments. Divided because the more people know about this the higher probability somehow it could leak out, and the consequences could be awful (legal). So far the following are in the know: Buzz, Vern Ruland, my sister Ruth, Ed G. And maybe my lawyer brother, who was so drunk at the time I told him that I think he isn't sure he really heard what I said and is afraid to ask. Anyway, he could defend me. But the advantage of someone in the B'more area being in the know is that I could check to see if EG would be available by phone on a day I was getting cold feet about taking M (or X?). Just knowing there is someone I can contact is reassuring enough that a vicious circle of fear/panic/paranoia doesn't develop. Cincinnati, Chicago, & San Francisco are far away.

THURSDAY/FRIDAY, 29/30 JULY 1993.

Thursday, 9:55 PM At a little before 9:30 PM, I took 356 mg of the hydrochloride of M; this is exactly the equivalent of 400 mg of the sulfate. I am just now beginning to feel the first effects. I wanted to do this at night because it seemed all the ethnic groups who use psychedelics in their prayer do it at night: the Eleusan mysteries, the peyotists, the teonanactl psilocybin mushroom eaters.

No alcohol since 6:30, and not much then. No meat at dinner. Only some grapefruit juice and a few grapes to wash down the M. I have arranged my bedroom into a sort of chapel, with a crucifix, two bouquets of flowers, a portable CD player.

Am now feeling a bit nauseous and trembly. Will lie down.

Friday, 10:00 AM Well, this is really a horrible way to spend the night, and I don't think I will do that again. I was intrigued by how the Peyotists could spend the whole night singing around the campfire, then be as spry as gazelles the next day and drive off jolly into the sunset.

Maybe if you have a group around a campfire and lots of singing, but alone it is

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intolerable. After about an hour last night, I began to feel very tired, it being my normal sleeping time. But it is neither sleep nor wake. The M is a terrific stimulant for keeping you awake in a dream-like state. I would look at the LCD of the night clock, reading, say, 10:31. Then I would close my eyes and have an interminable vivid dream; open them and see 10:31. Fall "asleep" again with a lengthy dream. Wake up and see 10:31. Etc., etc. I think I saw every minute the entire night. Well, almost.

At one point, about 1:30 perhaps, I found myself turning on the light and admiring the Sleeping Gypsy, which was undergoing its usual meltings, shrinkings, expandings, color changings, ziggings and zaggings. With lots of trailing from any moving object. But I kept being too tired to go to the computer here and write anything down, although I could have. About midnight or so I went to the refrigerator and wolfed down some food, don't remember very clearly what. Otherwise a totally stupid torture of a night: not awake enough to think anything or experience anything clearly, and not asleep enough to ever feel rested. Horrible.

About 4:20, 20 minutes after my usual arising time, I decided I should get up. Made the coffee, etc. as usual. Ravenously hungry: wolfed down a sandwich made from some spinach-cheese dip and Russian pumpernickle, plus a peach a plum and a handful of grapes. Then started to listen to Fauré's *Requiem*. For about an hour and a half clock time but for what seemed 2-3 hours, I listened to it over and over, while frequently crying and sobbing [yuck, that sounds horrible, but it was really ok] and "communing" with Dan Gardner, my friend from high-school days who died in May of a brain tumor. This is not anything that might not happen to some degree without the influence of M; but it was extraordinarily intense, and I felt Dan to be almost tangibly present. It just seemed impossible to doubt that Dan was really there, hearing everything I was saying (not out loud, in my mind). Rather than a sort of "as if" talking to him, I *knew* he was there.

Of course, one of my favorite passages from Husserl: "Die sterben eigentlich nicht, die wir liebend verehrt. Sie streben und tun nicht mehr, fördern nichts von uns; sprechen nichts zu uns; und doch, ihrer gedenkend, *fühlen wir sie uns gegenüber*, uns in die Seele blickend, uns verstehend, billigend oder mißbilligend." Exactly that.

Well, whether a night of torture was worth an hour of ecstatic communion can never exactly be determined: apples and oranges. I went outside at about 6:00 with the beginnings of dawn, and sat in a fairly invisible place near a little flower garden (the colors were like fireworks) and waited until 6:30 for Mr Heron to come, but come he did not. Walked a mile or so, returned home, got almost an hour of almost normal sleep, but didn't feel at all normal (e.g. still very shakey and trembly) until about 9:30, 12 hours after taking the M. Am approximately myself now. Will have to work all the harder on the book: Dan somehow involved.

Well, of the various times of the day to take it, probably early morning the best;

midday second best. Night horrible. Oh, one further question answered. Even in a totally dark room with my eyes closed, I do not see any of these great geometric figures so many people do with M. At its peak, there is terrific "visuals" with eyes open, as described above for the "Sleeping Gypsy." But I am just resistant, I suppose. Maybe I am generally too ego-controlled to ever get the elaborate fantasies that Hofmann and others describe so readily; I find I just can't really let go into the mirage; I'm too aware it's a mirage. For instance, at one time last nite, it was incredibly quiet and still (cool night and the air conditioning was often in repose); the cat started eating from her dish, and I could hear every drop of saliva and every crunch as if it were amplified several hundred times. I felt that if I could let go, I would fantasize Fee Fy Fo Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishmun, and bone-chewing monsters—but I couldn't persuade myself it was worth it. Later, lights on, the cat with phosphorescent copper hair opened her mouth wide and yawned. The savage teeth! A monster! But, phooey, why bother?

Maybe if I had a large dose of LSD. I have taken (640mg sulfate!) about as much M as any human on record, without much more of an effect than the 400 ME I took last nite. Then again, why do I want to go through with all this supposedly (I'm not persuaded) Jungian archetype children's nightmares?

5 AUGUST 1993 Some thoughts. Firstly, my ordinary "meditation" or "prayer" or whatever you call it—I dislike all of these terms, since they don't mean what I "do," which is closer to a "not doing," etc., etc.—seems to have profited both in intensity and time since beginning the excursions with M. A lot of deep feeling, often to the point of "tears" (gahh!): generally, or superficially, it looks a lot like the kind of prayer I had back before the T experience, when the wellsprings dried instantly to a halt and it seemed foolish to feel. However, of course it couldn't be the same, and isn't. I am not the same. Chiefly, the emotion is much less an expression of despair, although I am by no means totally free of that horror, nor probably ever will be in this life.

Two days ago very deep feeling on listening again to B's Missa Solemnis. Yesterday morning, shortly after waking, the words on Descartes' tombstone started for God knows what reason to reform in my mind. After about 0.5 hours, they seemed to be all there, but perhaps there are a few errors; I haven't been able to check. You, dear Reader, should be very impressed (as was I!) that I was able to regurgitate this out of a 4:00 AM subconscious, not having seen it for some several years (it is to be found, however, somewhere in my mouldering Commonplace Book, which we were pedantically taught to compose during the adolescence of our Jesuit training): *In otiiis hibernis, componens mysteria naturae cum legibus matheseos, utriusque arcana eiisdem clavibus reserare posse ausus est sperare.* Roughly: "In the idle days of winter, comparing the mysteries of nature with the laws of

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mathematics, he dared to hope to be able to open the innermost sanctum of both by using the same keys." Well, it doesn't translate well, or I don't. But *Ausus est sperare* He dared to hope . . . he dared to hope. There is something marvelous in that alone; and whoever composed this funerary epitaph remains wisely silent as to whether the grand dream succeeded: it doesn't matter whether it succeeds, the human grandeur lies in the dreaming, daring, hoping, trying—in these there can be no failure.

This morning came to me the very beautiful words of Horace, which nonetheless I always find depressing, since they do indeed express the bitter abandoning of hope:

*. . . Immortalia ne speres, monet annus, et alma
quae rapit hora, diem. . . .*

*Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
fecerit arbitria
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
restituēt pietas:*

*Infernīs nec enim tenebris Diana pudicum
liberat Hippolytum;
Nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
vincula Pirithoo.*

A free translation: "Both the passing year and each hour of the passing day warn us not to hope for immortality. . . . When once you have died, Torquatus, and even though Minos judges your life outstanding, not your noble birth, not all your talent, not even your piety can ever restore you to life. For not even Diana was able to free the modest Hippolytus from the eternal shades; nor could Theseus break the chains of Lethe even for Pirithous whom he loved so much." *Non . . . non . . . non . . . nec . . . nec.* Like a funeral bell tolling for the Death of Hope. *Ausus est desperare*: Horace has the courage to seize and swallow whole the unmasticated bolus of despair.

Still, even here, don't we detect a bit of attention-getting self-pity? "Yo, Gods! Here I am! Is this poetry, or is this poetry?" Remember, this is the same guy who wrote *Exegi monumentum aëre perennius*. And the Romans of the day also believed, somewhat superstitiously, that A-1 emperors and the like, those who attracted enough attention from gods all too busy with their affairs, got "deified," became immortal. It is reminiscent of the evolution of Buddhism from a sort of nihilism to a pantheon of saints rivaling medieval Catholicism. I think old Horace dared to hope in his heart of hearts that the old gods (and any sensitive human reader) had to have good enough taste to see his poetry was as at least the equal of Augustus or Julius's emperoring: I occasionally pray to Horace, but never to

love the

Julius.

At any rate, to return to my thoughts of this morning, to which these were but the prelude. Horace's despair reminded me of a passage I read yesterday in Laura Huxley's *This Timeless Moment*, a conversation she recalled having with Krishnamurti. What is a religious man? she asks him. He replies: First of all, a religious man is a man who is alone—not lonely, you understand, but alone—with no theories or dogmas, no opinion, no background. He is alone and loves it—free of conditioning and alone—and enjoying it. Second, a religious man must be both man and woman—I don't mean sexually—but he must know the dual nature of everything; a religious man must feel and be both masculine and feminine. Third, to be a religious man one must destroy everything—destroy the past, destroy one's convictions, interpretations, deceptions—destroy *all* self-hypnosis—destroy until there is no center; you understand *no center*. He stopped. . . . After a silence Krishnamurti said quietly, "Then you are a religious person. Then stillness comes. Completely still." [p 114]

I have to say that when I first read this it seemed pretty grim. Busy, busy Shiva! Destroy, destroy, destroy! But this morning it seemed to resonate with something in my own Christian tradition. Going back to St Paul we talk of faith, and hope, and love. But these are things we do. And of course we have our little dogmatic certitudes: one god, three persons; one person, two natures; seven sacraments; always busy counting on the sacred abacus. There is also a repeated exhortation in all the New Testament early (Paul) and late (John) for peace. Pax. εἰρήνη. Beethoven said he wrote the Agnus Dei as an appeal for peace, inner and outer. The inner peace, which is something that is not centered on the ego acting, as are faith and hope and love, but on the simple Timeless Moment, as Laura calls it. There is *no center*, neither my center nor God's center, for all is One. This is not necessarily to deny that these centers also exist (three is one and one is two, bring out the sacred abacus again), but that the more fundamental reality is the centerless unity. If, in Christian terms, God shares his life with us, then it is the unity which is more important than the diversity. And if we cannot in any way experience this, then it is not real; as Rahner would say, if it is not anthropological it is not salvific. M again, *can*—not necessarily *will*, but *can*—allow us to push the object-subject fixation aside and realize that we do indeed *experience* this underlying unity.

It seems that the true religious experience in all religions at its deepest is this peace "which surpasses all understanding." Unfortunately, we too quickly insist on interpreting this very unconceivable experience in terms of various theologumina, which we then cling to with dogmatic and sectarian passion. And then there is anything but peace, within or without.

SUNDAY, 15 AUGUST 1993

Yesterday I took 500 mg M at 7:00 AM, having gotten up at 4:00 as usual. But I

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wanted to be completely ready and unhurried, so took it no earlier. A preliminary note. I had some expectation over the last week that this forthcoming taking of mescaline might be unusually profound. Also, a few days ago in what has become a fairly common morning prayer period, I realized that if I were to be perfectly honest in describing my interaction then with Dan Gardner, who died in May, it would be that I genuinely experience myself as communicating, talking, having interpersonal dialog with, . . . him. Outside the experience, I can't make much rational explanation of this, and maybe that's why I have suppressed how real this sort of thing is to me. I have been fairly regularly having this sort of interaction since I was 15, when I first talked to Mozart. That probably sounds ridiculous, but so be it. No, I do not hear any voices talking back, but one doesn't have to hear words to know what people in this state of being are expressing; words are unnecessary for them or for their communion with me, although of course I have to use words. It is really the same phenomena as communing with God, which many people do—although, I suppose many people do this in a sort of trivializing way, by "reading" or "saying" "prayers"—something I long since stopped doing. But at a fundamental level, when sincere, what they are doing when they "say their prayers" is—under the saying level, at the level of their being—the same as what I am doing.

Well, I would have a great deal of trouble describing yesterday's experience, and I am not really going to try. There was a lot of very personal and at times excruciatingly painful self-revelation. Dan Gardner was involved personally and symbolically. There was a great deal of wishing for death, even trying to die. At times I feared I was succeeding; at times I feared I was having epileptiform convulsions. And Brother Peyote can play some very clever tricks: the painful part is over, the visual phenomena are fading; now you can relax and just listen to some music, or just watch the colors. And then. . . . Finally, an event occurred which I feel I am permitted to say no more than this: I saw the face of God. Of course one will ask, "what does it look like?" Which anyone must know is a foolish question, but it will spring to mind. I cannot say what it looks like—cannot in every sense of the word *cannot*. But immediately afterwards, I saw a lake. The water was very dark, and there was absolutely no movement or ripple, almost as though it were a sheet of glass. And the water's surface reflected absolutely nothing. Nothing, nothing, nothing.

At this point, I do not know whether I will continue these "experiments" or this journal. To my own satisfaction, I have more than adequately established the fact that mescaline induces a state in which the deepest levels of one's own person, psychological and religious, are accessible to a profoundly extraordinary degree; it is not a state of addictive escape or drunkenness. Whether the reader is convinced is up to the reader; perhaps it is only possible to be convinced from the experience itself.

and maybe I will.

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At this point, I do not know whether I will continue these "experiments" or this journal. To my own satisfaction, I am quite convinced that mescaline induces a state in which the deepest levels of one's own person, psychological and religious, are accessible to a profoundly extraordinary degree; it is not a state of addictive escape or drunkenness. Whether the reader is convinced is up to the reader; perhaps it is only possible to be convinced from the experience itself.

MONDAY 16 AUGUST 1993

Yesterday I was still in a state of shock, stunned by the magnitude and even the awesome horror of Saturday's experience. I felt a certain depression growing from the feeling I had Saturday evening that so much psychological dredging had been done in so concentrated a manner that I would have to spend the next year or so in intensive therapy to process it. This seemed a horribly burdensome prospect. I spent a good deal of time Sunday sleeping or just lying with my eyes closed trying to recover from the exhaustion I felt Saturday evening. I slept well last night and this morning took an hour's walk just before dawn.

By the end of the hour, I felt a great deal of peace and happiness. The digesting of Saturday's experience began to resemble to a considerable degree the reaction I had in tertianship to the "natural" mystical experience I had then: I spent much of the remaining 20 days of the retreat working over its significance. As then, there is a desire to protect the "ineffable" character of the event: the fear that any attempted description of it whatever would be a degrading caricature. But also, as then, I was finding a great wellspring of rich insights and

"answers" to questions and problems in life emerging from the recollection of the event. Gradually, I began to feel less helpless and much more cheerful and in control. While I was always aware of a very positive turn in the experience, as of Saturday night and most of Sunday, I could only feel the immense weight of the horror of myself which preceded this: I felt psychologically the way a person would feel physically if they had been struck by lightning. I am now beginning to realize that the whole event has very much the pattern of a death/rebirth or descent into hell and return to at least earth or in some sense heaven. That I have not been left a corpse or a zombie from this event but actually have been entrusted with a gift, a treasure, a fountain of insight and solace, a guide.

For instance the following. Part of the unspeakable horror and disgust I felt for myself Saturday was the conviction that I never really loved anyone except very grudgingly and then only with disgust and disdain for myself and them. Then a growing conviction that I had never made the slightest act of giving in my life: all was complete self interest. This in contrast to Dan Gardner, who seemed naively but beautifully able to naturally give and love. Hence an absolutely honest judgment, in simple truth not melodrama, that it was he who deserved to live, and I to die. I tried to die, but of course the old primordial selfishness took over; if I could have stopped breathing then I could have been capable of giving and loving and so wouldn't be worthy of death after all. It seemed, however, that my breathing was slowing down: at least I was decent enough to pretend to try to die! At this point several thoughts crossed my mind: (a) no one has ever committed suicide under the influence of a psychedelic drug by not breathing; (b) but if I managed to do it, at least it was done from a nobler sentiment than anything else I had done in life—I had at least shown the decency to kill off a completely selfish being. Throughout this period, which I estimate lasted for an hour or more, tears were pouring down my face, I was sobbing in enormous pain, and my legs and arms were undergoing violent spasms to the point that I really began to wonder if I was having tonic-clonic seizures. At another point, when I thought I was succeeding in ceasing to breathe, the cat—perhaps concerned, perhaps merely bored, as cats almost always are—jumped up and started licking my face, which so startled me that I started breathing again.

Then I realized that Dan Gardner, back in 1960, probably felt just as disgusted with himself, and himself just as incapable of anything like love, as I did then and now. Suddenly, I then realized that no one, not him, not me, *no one* has now or at any time *ever* loved, ever been anything but utterly self-seeking. To the extent we love, if we ever do—and I suppose we do occasionally, or more probably always—it is *God emerging from our nothingness*, and not our action at all.

And it was then that I saw the face of God. And it was as blank and as empty, as

expressionless, as a child's. So blank, and so empty, that in a truer sense I was not seeing any "face" at all. It was indeed because it was Nothing that it was, like a child, so utterly guileless. And because it was inexhaustably guileless that it was so ultimately compelling, even coercive: only the depths of such Nothingness can Create. And what it irresistably creates with absolute unlimited dominance is—freedom.

What I am writing now is, of course, continually paradoxical and seemingly contradictory. But this was also a characteristic of every sentence I made back in the Tertianship retreat whenever I tried to describe my experience then or to draw any corollary from it. Since then I have had fairly frequent moments, nothing at all dramatic, where I feel a certain aura of the Tertianship event: not as a new event, but as a sort of awareness of the event itself as never ceasing to be somehow present in my peripheral background consciousness. And the check that has served to reassure me that It is indeed still operative has been that when I start describing it to myself I find myself generating verbal contradiction after contradiction. Yet I am not doing this to annoy the reader; none of the Tertianship insights and few since have I ever written down to be read. The contradiction satisfies me as I express it. It seems to say what happened as no noncontradictory statement ever could. And, yes, it does serve to insulate the experience itself from access by those who do not have a proper reverence for it. But that is secondary: primary is the unquestionable fact that only the contradiction serves to describe the reality (yes, or Unreality) involved. Pahnke describes this as paradoxicality; it is a common feature of mystical descriptions east and west. I could make a lot of Zen-like paradoxes out of this ("imagine a face so expressionless that there is no face"), but this would really be disrespectful of the Otherness of the event and only annoy the reader. But I affirm very seriously that the contradictions come naturally out of an attempt to describe something that really happened, something which of its very nature drives one to describe it in paradox with no affectation on my part at all. And, yes, I feel that it is wrong now to have said "it happened" (to me). Because the It is something that always Is, and cannot "happen"—it is I who have been privileged to momentarily glimpse that eternal unhappening. I'm sorry, but this is simply the way it is. I could look at the corrective contradiction I just wrote and generate a dozen more corrective contradictions of it, and so on, and so on endlessly. Which is why only Silence can express it. And so I will stop.

As for the duration of this glimpse of It, it was very brief. In this respect also it resembled the experience I had before in Tertianship. At that time the experience was preceded by a three-day period of great guilt and despair, during which I ate little or nothing because I simply had no desire to eat. This ended with a resigned decision to simply put the feelings of guilt behind as not really useful and live life as productively as I could. I had breakfast and was drinking a cup of coffee, I think, having just made some notations in a journal I then kept. The psychological pressure being more or less removed, I was absentmindedly looking at the floor when suddenly there was a lightning-like flash of . . . of what, of insight? of encounter? My

mind seemed to be momentarily, for a microsecond, suspended above time and all physical events and in the presence of the eternity of God. God, however, was not particularly concerned with me, either the me that was with him or the me still on earth. Nor, I realized, was God particularly concerned with anything that happened in the created world: all that was so trivial and childlike that, so to speak, the whole directing of the cosmos occupied about 0.0001% of his attention, if that. I say *his*, but immediately after this flash of encounter was over, I felt *it* was a better description of this Being. And I realized also in that millisecond of exposure that despite the utter insignificance to God of everything that took place in this world and in all the worlds in the Universe—despite this insignificance, *everything, absolutely everything to the most minute detail* was utterly foreordained and inescapably caused, controlled, created, by It.

Now this earlier experience, like the one Saturday, should have been rather horrifically grim, and at first I thought it was. But amazingly, as I irresistably reflected back on it during the following weeks (and years), it had some very consoling aspects: because God has absolutely no need for us, there is no need for us to do anything for him, thus delivering us from an outrageous burden of false guilt and responsibility. The only person who can absolutely be relied upon, whose relationship to me is unchangeably constant, is the person who has absolutely no need for me whatsoever. Before the T experience, I had been striving, however subtly, to manipulate God by "pleasing" him. But if my Existence and ultimate Salvation depends on someone I must please, then ultimately it depends on me—and in this lies total existential despair and terror, because in the core of my being I know, indubitably know with a certitude I have for nothing else, that *my being does not depend on me*. After the T experience, God felt like a Rock that cannot be bothered; and this was *very* reassuring. The evolving and finite god folks are welcome to their presumably consoling opinion, but within experimental error my experience told me that God needs us at most in the 0.00001% range, i.e. undetectably. And thank God, say I, for that!

As another corollary, because It controls everything absolutely, there is no reason to doubt that we will all reach fulfillment; indeed, nothing is more certain. No "sin" or evil we ever do (even, I think, on the part of such a monster as Adolf Hitler) is able to even disturb by a fly's foot the ineluctable intention of God to do good; an intention which in no way violates our freedom. It is exactly our (created) freedom which God uses to achieve Its ends. I think this theologumenon is a species of *apokatastasis*, which according to my *Kleines Theologisches Wörterbuch* has been condemned by the Edict of Justinian published at the Synod of Constantinople in 543. I would not be willing to go to the stake for it, but I like it; and it puts me in the good company of Origen, Gregory of Nazianzus, Gregory of Nyssa, Didymus the Blind, Theodor of Mopsuestia, and John Scotus Erigena.

In a similar way, the event which happened to me Saturday produces insights which are very useful in the world of praxis. Of course I have intellectually, conceptually realized before, more or less, what I have said above about selfishness and love. But to *experience* these insights from the center of your person out, is what is needed but so often unable to be achieved by endless therapy or counselling. There are some very helpful benefits in life from realizing that love isn't anything you can do and hence leaving it to God to do, whereupon of course, you probably will do a much better job of loving anyway. Rahner has somewhere an analysis of altruism vrs. so-called selfishness which says all this very well. Our job as human beings is to be as reasonably selfish as we can be; that is true love. This helps when saying No to things you don't want to do; it helps in discovering what it is you really do want to do, often a difficult problem for perfectionists like myself.

Not that I haven't believed this for a long time. There is nothing so appallingly unnatural as a "Christian" being obnoxiously "generous" and "selfless." Nor anything so self-centered. All reasonably intelligent spiritual guides reach this conclusion at some point. Exhortations to be generous and unselfish are usefully addressed only to two-year-olds as an effort to restrain them from taking their sibling's toys; grownups are usually rightly bored by such homiletics.

Well, enough of this. Will I take mescaline again? Perhaps, I don't know. Sunday I would have said that I would wait at least a month before taking it again or quite possibly never take it again. I also would have said that it was quite likely I would not write in this journal again. Obviously, I was wrong on the latter point. As for the former, I plan to wait and see how things evolve; probably I will take it again, perhaps not as soon as two weeks. Many of the original workers in psychedelic substances, like Walter Pahnke, felt that these drugs, being genuinely sacramental and producing such profound effects, ought to be used only rarely, with great preparation. But on the other hand, the Native American Indians use peyote every week—in varying doses, probably depending on their own perceived spiritual state, each participant being free to take more or less. And, somewhat ironically, I recall the big transformation in Roman Catholic sacramental usage initiated by Pope Pius X: the Sacrament of the Eucharist was in his day taken by laypersons no more than yearly (by priests, of course, daily); he urged "frequent, even daily" communion. Of course, you couldn't take mescaline or LSD or psilocybin daily because you would become unresponsive due to acquired tolerance, even if you had the time and psychic energy to deal with a daily psychedelic experience.

SATURDAY, 9 OCTOBER 1993

*How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, beloved brother Mescaline,
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The teeming autumn big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease.
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit,
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.*

The last episode in this chronicle, back in mid August, did take some digesting. I remember at one point during it possessed by an image of my soul, or psyche, or self, being ripped in half like the curtain in the temple of the Good Friday story.

And I did, as intimated, commence a weekly therapy session with BR, who I thought was providentially appropriate to be of help: familiarity with the work of Walter Pahnke, a person himself not unacquainted with deep religious experiences, and not—not, thank God—a Roman Catholic, Jesuit, or priest. I felt that I ought not enter into the gibbous half-century of my life without attempting to rehash with someone competent and trustworthy my efforts to deal with my traumatized adolescent sexuality and my increasing alienation from the supposed identification my priest-and-jesuit status lends me to the narrowminded views of Catholicism, and Roman Papal "Catholicism" in particular.

But despite BR's invaluable encouragement and support, I increasingly missed the therapeutic interventions of Brother Peyote. And so, not telling BR of my plans (lest the obnoxious phenomena of transference and resistance affect my decision one way or the other), I set off at 11:00 AM Sunday 3 October for the Catoctin Mountains, having made a reservation for the night at the Thurmont Super-8 motel.

I was a little apprehensive about taking M and then walking along Rt 77 through

Cunningham & Catoctin parks, since the shoulder is very narrow in many places and the cars zip blithely by. But on the other hand, I was emboldened by the memory of being able to do surprisingly complex tasks like programing the CD player even when under a quite powerful influence of M; and the trails in these parks are pretty familiar to me from walking them several times over the last few years. It was a relief to find that the motel was on the other side of US 15 from where I remembered it, so I wouldn't have to try to cross the highway on foot; and it was only about a quarter of a mile from Rt 77. So I checked in, and started hiking on a beautiful cool fall day up 77 to where the path to Cat's Rock begins. It was a little after 1:00 PM. I still felt frightened to take M so far from home, but that was what I had come for—*alia jacta est*. So I entrusted myself to providence, and with some dread, dumped a vial containing 310 mg of M hydrochloride (equivalent to 350 mg of the sulfate) onto the top of a cup of yogurt, mixed it up, and spooned it down. Even the raspberry Yoplait couldn't completely overpower the "flavour" of M, which is very faint but undescribably revolting. Just the smell of it, although barely perceptible, makes me shudder in revulsion.

There were an unusually large number of people in the parks: I guess they, like me, had hoped the trees in the mountains would have begun to change color already; but as a matter of fact, there was more color to the maples back in Baltimore. And a family including a few yodeling kids had just set off on the Cat's Rock trail, so I momentarily thought of crossing the road and going up the other trail, but finally stuck to my original intentions and followed the noisy family up the mountain. In a guided free-imagery session with BR the previous week, I had spontaneously fantasized myself looking out over the woods from Cat Rock, then walking down a shady path in the woods with a friendly deer, then sitting in a meadow where I was joined by Buzz Schmidt. This seemed to symbolize the issue of staying in/leaving the Jesuits. So I thought I should follow the same script.

But there was a flock of children on the Rock, and no meadow. I went nonetheless down the mountain off the trail in the direction my previous fantasy had taken me, finding myself in the rock fall side of the ridge. Soon I was far enough away to no longer hear the voices of the kids, and I found a patch of smooth rock angled to the afternoon sun and surrounded by woods. I dozed there for a while until the M began to take effect, the green of the leaves beginning to glow phosphorescently in the slanted autumn sunlight.

I cautiously made my way up the rocky hillside, wondering whether my motor coordination would be affected by the psychedelic, but it didn't seem to be. Eventually I found the path down from Cat Rock, and started slowly walking back down to the road. There was a great sense of peace with nature, and at one point I propped myself against a tree about halfway down the mountain and simply admired the forest. It occurred to me that the spirits of the Indians who originally called this harsh but beautiful woodlands their home were doubtless still here: I wondered what they thought of such urban folk as myself wandering noisily through their

homeland, frightening the deer. I communed with an imagined Chief Cotoctin, and felt I was somehow blessed by him for loving and appreciating, however inadequately, his people and his forest: for sensing, however feebly, the rich spiritual world which filled their woods. After all, I was being guided by Brother Peyote, a not very distant cousin of the Catoctins.

I continued to amble down the path to Route 77, feeling a great sense of peace and quiet joy. Contrary to my fears, the roadside shoulder was not at all frightening, despite the constant flow of cars and campers whizzing by. I felt almost as though I were floating softly above the road, and so peaceful was my inner state that the noise of the cars seemed muted, and I had an endless supply of patience to wait for a break in the traffic when the shoulder was particularly narrow. The pools and cataracts of the stream which the road follows were beautiful, reflecting the shrubs and trees, and I stopped for a while to sit on a rock and enjoy the beauty of it all—somewhat marred, admittedly, but the drifting smell of gas and diesel exhaust.

It didn't seem that anything very dramatic was going to occur this time, but that seemed OK, I thought. As I walked the rest of the way down the mountainside, I found myself searching for a melody; at first I recalled the *Tantum ergo sacramentum*, and sang it for a while out loud: first, comically, to the melody of *Oh my Darling, Clementine*, then, with some solemnity and reverence, to one of the Gregorian melodies—conceiving both my inner state and the surroundings to be truly "sacramental." I still felt a stirring for some other melody, and finally the "Wie lieblich sind seine Wohnungen" movement of Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem* seemed to fit. I hoped that it was one of the CDs I had brought with me, but feared it might not be.

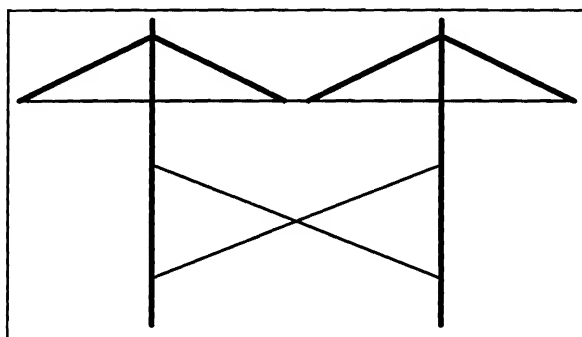
Eventually, about 5:00, I arrived back at the motel, after stopping at the adjacent shopping center for a small pizza, which I wolfed down. At this point it seemed to me that I had done all I could to let the experience speak for itself, without any conscious effort to program it on my part, even by listening to music. Nothing very dramatic seemed to be taking place, except for the deep sense of peace and acceptance. In fact, I thought that the main effects of the M were over by now (although it was only 4 hours since I had taken it). So I thought it would be all right to listen to some music on my portable CD player. I had checked, and Brahms's German requiem was in my briefcase.

I put on the earphones, started the Brahms at "Wie lieblich ...," and sat looking out the open motel window. I was looking west at the sun setting behind a steep hillock bulldozed from the foothills to make a level spot for the motel parking lot. On the top of the hill was a wooden scaffolding which carried high-tension lines through the mountains to Thurmont. The scaffolding was cast into a sharp black geometric figure against the bright orange sky.

Suddenly I found myself melting into a rush of tears and an overwhelming flood of emotion, which was so intense that it took some time for me even to recognize its character. It

was chiefly *victory, strength, triumph, power, achievement*. This was particularly expressed by the "Wir haben hie keine . . ." movement of the Brahms requiem, which includes the sections "Tod, wo ist dein Stachel; wo ist dein Sieg!" and "Herr, Du bist würdig," although the specific content of the words seemed quite incidental. The whole "experience" (if we must call it that; "revelation" might have been used in the religiosity of an earlier, more naive era) lasted most intensely for perhaps an hour or two, during which I at times laughed in exultant joy, at times shouted aloud in praise and salutation, and continually gushed tears from deep emotion; but an afterglow of less intense feeling continued for another hour or more.

What was I acknowledging? It centered around—strange as this may seem—the geometric symbolism of the wooden construction which supported the power lines, which I have drawn in an abstract form below:



In the part of this picture which contains the boldest lines, I could see two human figures, both raising from the earth, their shoulders angled from the enormous effort, an immense weight of power and energy—the whole collective human striving, with all its anguish and ignorance, but with all its triumph and wisdom—into transcendent consummation, into Unity and Absolute Oneness. (I have not tried to show the power lines themselves, which were supported by the "hands" of these two figures, and which passed at right angles to the plane in which I have drawn this geometric abstraction.) The figure on the left was Christ, that on the right was Buddha. Although both were equal, my attention was primarily centered on the Buddha; at times I could glimpse the image of a small, seated, smiling Buddha floating above the right figure and making a gesture with its hand almost frivolously carefree, a waving flick of the wrist over its head which said that all the sorrow, all the suffering, all the failure of life was laughably inconsequential, once one could see it from the perspective of Enlightenment.

Underneath all this was the quiet awareness that an obvious corollary of what I was experiencing was that I should and would leave the Society of Jesus. I felt called to imitate both the Christ and the Buddha precisely by not following either or both. What made each of these figures supremely admirable was their courage in listening to their own religious experience rather than being a disciple of anyone else. As Siddharta rose in the night and silently bade

farewell to his sleeping wife and son (seemingly violating his commitments), so also I must follow my own unique religious experience. I am simply no longer being true to myself to be implicitly representing Catholicism and Jesuit spirituality by my status as a Jesuit priest.

As a matter of fact, over the last month or so—since the strange, very painful experience of the "face of God"—my *Vorstellungen* in meditation have almost never involved an individual, personal "God," either as Father, Son, or Spirit. Rather, there has been simply a quiet acceptance of the oneness of myself with the All that is. And occasionally, a fleeting intimation of a figurative Space and Place, the source of all unity, which is in some sense *prior* to the reality of God the Creator. It is the Oneness from which any God that creates must emerge, defining and constricting itself in the process, in order to create and thereby become creator. When God the Creator extends, in Christian tradition, his own nature for creation to share in, he challenges us, in Buddhist terms, to strive to become aware of and live in that aspect of our consciousness in which we are, with all things created and uncreated, still primordial Unity. For each of us and even God itself emerge as momentary nodes from out of the surface of that Faceless and Nameless ocean whose waters reflect Nothing.

Herr, Du bist würdig, zu nehmen Preis, und Ehre, und Kraft. Den Du hast alle Dinge geschaffen.

TUESDAY, 2 NOVEMBER 1993

Religious traditions are like chewing-gum. Take a nice, fresh stick of Juicy-Fruit® Jesus, chew on it constantly, night and day, for 2,000 years, and what is left? John Paul II.

I am sick of organized religions. They all seem so stupidly petty and narrow-minded. I think God is sick of them, too. I knock on the Door and there is no answer. I knock again; it opens, but no one is there, and a Voice says "Why are you wearing those ridiculous clothes? I can't recognize You." And the door is shut in my face.

Praying is, for me, almost as necessary as breathing. I will only be able to breathe again when I am free of these odd suits of clothes I have been wearing since I was a child.

On Monday, October 25, I wrote to Brad Schaefer, the Chicago provincial, and included an excerpt from the passage above about the view from the window of the Super-8 motel. I gave a copy to Ed Glynn, the Maryland provincial, and on Sunday we talked it over and agreed on a timetable: as of December 1, I will start a "leave of absence." While continuing to turn over my salary to the Maryland Province, they will return to me a check for the amount I would be getting were I paying income tax, etc. And I will live on my own until about April, when a final divorce will take place, assuming I am still of that mind. I am confident that the chewing-gum

will not have any more flavor then than it does now, but it seems humanly prudent and good form, decent courtesy, etc. to do things in a graduated way since the possibility exists. If for no better reason than it allows the society and the school community here to adjust.

SATURDAY 22 JANUARY 1994

In new apartment. Moved to Hopkins Hse 1702 on December 16, Beethoven's birthday, 1993. This week massive ice storm, power shortages, school cancellation.

Had two "microtabs" of LSD from students. Took them to Bach's *Magnificat*. Very interesting image at "Sicut locutus est Abraham et semini ejus."

SATURDAY 20 MARCH 1994

333 mg M-HCl. No notes.

WEDNESDAY 30 MARCH 1994

MK at Irina's, 8:00 PM. Dinner here afterwards.

TUESDAY 10 MAY 1994

275 mg M-HCl. Irina's, MK, Paper Moon, Discover, Bell Atlantic.

Thursday, 12 May. Jogging. Hatred of God. Thoughts of taking KCN. In PM telephoned Irina's. Auseinandersetzung. Friday 13 AM. More peaceful; MK retractatio Entdeckung's Karte etc. Kurtzlich telephonisch; ruecksichtlich angesehen.

FRIDAY 8 JULY 1994

Amsterdam. Hashish.

SATURDAY 8 OCTOBER 1994

I think this batch had been purified by Kugelrohr distillation: it seemed unusually clean. The batch (free base) had been in the freezer for months, labelled "1.44 g from ether extract + 5 mL EtOH." I had hoped on long freezing that it would crystallize, but it was still a colorless oil. Dissolved in minimum MeOH (+ about 1/10 additional ether); then acidified with 1.0 Molar HCl/ether; beautiful sparkling crystals. Washed in ether + small amount MeOH, collected: total of 1.076 g. An additional 0.103 g from the ML on addition of more ether. I divided the first crop into three batches of 330, 331, and 392 mg each; put the second crop of 0.103 mg in a fourth vial.

392 mg M-HCl. Definitely was too much (equivalent of 440 M-Sulfate). Unsatisfying. Looking for some sort of consolidation of dimensions. For previous two weeks or so a sense of underlying "irrepressible joy," using Bill R's phrase, but less emotional and more an almost intellectual tranquility. But on this high a dose, I seem to just get "zapped" for about 3 hours and derive no benefit. Too disorienting. Too much chaos, using Yensen's theory.

SATURDAY 15 OCTOBER 1994

277 mg M-HCl (equivalent to 311 mg Sulfate). Hard to exclude set variable, but this seemed just the right dosage. I actually had more intense visuals than with higher doses. Perhaps because I didn't get so affected that I fell asleep, or just went into some sort of semi-unconscious dream state from which later no benefit can be derived. In any case, it lasted a very long time (5 hours after ingestion still at plateau) and with considerable benefit in terms of psychic integration, though not exactly as I expected (it never is). In particular, an experience of the identity of the psychosexual and the transcendental sublime: i.e. something like the absolute fact of the divine and holy in the activities and dimension of human sexuality, contrary to what one usually thinks of as the "religious" and the "profane." Perhaps even seeing lust and love as "God" sees them. In some sense, lust is far more important and even religiously beautiful and closer to the most profound dynamic of the cosmos than is love. Sex and death, and the longing for both, are really the same.

At first, at beginning of session, no music however prized by me, seemed to be anything but noise. Only when I realized that I had to couple to most abysmally physical and even grossly sexual with the transcendently holy did things progress: Faure's requiem. Later, a feeling for Berlioz's Te Deum. Since then, for a week, Berlioz's Te Deum has been echoing in my mind constantly: when I wake up in the middle of the night, the *Judex crederis esse venturus* is pounding away.

For some days afterwards a great sense of peace, and something like a feeling of "welcome Home." From whom? From Home, I suppose. But some difficulty getting back to "work" too. Nonetheless, all in all, I think I am at a profoundly better Place than I have ever been. Much of the painful challenges after uprooting myself from the SJ seem to be resolved. In some sense I am as much an SJ as ever, although much less a christian. And I seem to be able to discuss my new religious perspective with Jesuits (Vern, Buzz, Sneck, Earl) with little focus on the anger at the papacy, etc. and much more on the new vision of something closer to Gautama than Jesus.

Surprisingly, there seemed as much "visuals" with this smaller dose than with the larger. But only eyes-open; little when closed. I just must have an idiosyncratic unresponsiveness in this area.

Next time I should try 250 mg. But it will always be hard to separate the effects of intrapsychic dynamics from dosage. I need to make a list of the various amounts I have taken and recall their respective "effects." Generally, I think from now on less is better. The 277 mg I took this time were as powerful as any time (excluding the tectonic shift involved in last October 93's movement out of the SJ). When I took 225 mg of the sulfate salt the first time ever back in June of 1993, I had very little effect but giddiness (although I had a sharp headache the next morning); 225 mg sulfate is exactly 200 mg M-HCl, so maybe this is the minimum dose

I can expect to be effective.

Speaking of headaches, etc. The last two times, both 8 and 15 October, I started having neckaches after only about two hours after taking the M. And at least the last time, perhaps both times, I had a headache early in the morning the next day. In each case it went away after coffee and an ibuprofen, but why sometimes and not always? It's not a hangover; doesn't feel like one and goes away too soon and in any case I don't think I had enough wine the night before to cause one. I guess it must be some sort of muscular tension in the neck and head, although in both cases I didn't have any exceptional amount of intense emotion with tears, weeping, etc., which I can understand could cause some sort of muscular cramping. I would fault the wearing of earphones, but on my very first use of M I didn't listen to music at all, and had a headache so intense it woke me from a deep sleep at 5 in the morning. Puzzle.

SATURDAY 29 OCTOBER 1994

Went to the lab in the morning to check on yesterday's mail. There was a slight thought in my mind of maybe getting some M and doing another "experiment," but I didn't know whether I really wanted to or not. The usual ambivalence; a certain fear that I was overindulging myself, yet a desire to finally nail down the advances of the past month, which seem to be consolidations of the whole process of leaving the SJ, gaining my own freedom and voice, etc. Had intended to bring along the vial of 330 mg MCl and the second of about 150 and to parcel out a dose of 250 MCl for the next time, which it seemed to me would be a good dose to continue on. But I realized when I got to the lab that I had forgotten the 330 mg vial, and had only the 150 with me.

Looking in the lab, I found two small vials of high purity MCl which, added to the 150, came out to exactly 256. This seemed close enough, so I put it in a vial. By now I pretty much knew I would take it later in the day. Also noted that there is a good amount of the nitrostyrene ready for reduction to M. And I now have a great high-vacuum pump to hook up to the Kugelrohr, so purification should be a lot easier and the yields may be better.

Took the 256 mg M-HCl (equivalent to 287 mg of the sulfate) at 1:00 pm, poured as a bolus into a tablespoon full of nonfat yoghurt, followed by an apple. I wonder if it is psychological or what, but the taste seems more revolting every time I take it. Strangely, I check back to the first few times, and then I would dissolve it in water and drink it. I think I would gag now if I tried that, but maybe not: perhaps when it is diluted it is not as bad.

Confirmation of last X. Verdi's Requiem. Also, towards evening, enormous response to Brahms's German Requiem; perhaps as much, though with more assurance and less surprise, as when originally encountered in the Catotins.

Although dose small, effects seemed very strong and very long-lasting. Strong eyes-open visual mergings, flowings, enhancements; some eyes-closed. But only a little "bright colored" eyes-closed phenomenon. Don't know why I don't have more of this.

But part of the lower dose being as effective is due to the fact that I am no as longer afraid of the sexual dimension and resisting access to the subconscious; because of this I relax and let go better, perhaps not as much as I should, to the influence of the M-accessible reality.

Slept fairly well Saturday night. No music on awakening at night: it seems Berlioz is gone and nothing has replaced it.

SUMMARY OF DOSE/DATE/EFFECTS

[Dose in () is equivalent; dose *not* in () is form actually used. In all cases, ratings are *very* approximate.

? implies no notes made and no recollection of the event.]

<u>X#:</u>	<u>mgMS:</u>	<u>mgMCl:</u>	<u>Date:</u>	<u>Page:</u>	<u>Rating:</u>
1	225	(200)	14 June 93	1	?
2	~500	(445)	18 June 93	2	++
3	640	(570)	3 July 93	11	+++
4	(288)	255	18 July 93	16-17	+++
5	(400)	356	29 July 93	25	-
6	(500)	445	14 August 93	29	+++++
7	(350)	310	29 October 93	36	+++++
	[LSD]		22 Jan 94	41	+++
8	(374)	333	20 March 94	41	?
9	(308)	275	10 May 94	41	++
	[hashish]	Amsterdam	8 July 94	41	+++
10	(440)	392	8 Oct 94	41	-
11	(311)	277	15 Oct 94	41	++++
12	(287)	256	29 Oct 94	43	+++

172

159

337

300

7/97 (400)

~~356~~

(~312)

(278)

It is 3:37 pm on 14 February 1995. I am doing this just out of spite to prove that my endeavors are only done for the best and loftiest of scientific motives—perish the thought that I might personally grow thereby!

Anyway, at 11:00 this AM (Yes, I just had to do that: make it really small caps just to prove that I could!) I took 300 mg of the usual mu train. But it seems that I had forgotten how tremendously powerful this substance can be. Indeed, it was not the visuals which have been as deep as I ever have known nor could reasonably ever wish. (What is so all-fired wonderful about purple fringes on everything or iridescent rainbow blurrings of yes "geometric" patterns—whatever geometric is supposed to mean?) And indeed are extremely intense right now: as I try to check the time on my watch, the numbers blur and merge (yes, I have my glasses on; I know what the skeptic reader, myself, would say: how can you be typing this so well, and of course, placebowise, the numbers blur because you aren't wearing your glasses. But I am.)]

Well anyway, profound recognition of surrendering (long ago, actually) to the absolute and its absolutely resisting being ignored. Not a matter of pride; it just has to be what it is, just like I gotta be me. OK (no bother with the small caps, please). OK. OK.

But see, I'm in Baltimore, about the only place in the world I could call Donna Dwyer right now and she would know exactly "where I am coming from" (namely, God). Now how did I end up in Baltimore if not because the old unchanging unchanceless, der Alte, has rolled the dice in the game that is the only one in town and the one you can never lose.

Goodby. True love.

But for the scientist in us all: it is now 3:47 pm. (Yes, fooey with the caps.) But if I called Buzz, he would I fear be at heart mockingly fearful of where/who/what I now am. Or would he? I wonder. Is this my own demon, saying Buzz "mocks" or "ridicules" me—surely it is only I, just me, that does that sort of thing?

So goodbye again, true love, true Love. And I will save.

Wednesday, 12 December 1995. Has it really been since February of 95 that I last took M? (I will have to check the other book I keep.) About 20 minutes ago, at 8:45 AM, took 371 mg of a new batch of M (chloride) I just finished yesterday. This works out to about 417 mg of the sulfate salt, a pretty hefty dose for one my size and weight.

After all the experiments with DMT, DET, 5-MeODMT, I thought it would be good to go back to M as a sort of psychedelic standard to compare, if possible, the effects. I am certainly convinced that 5-MeODMT and DMT are very significantly different. And I am wondering if the spiritual dimension that seems more characteristic of M is really there—i.e., have I changed, and are my DMT experiences relatively jejune in this dimension because I simply haven't much spiritual dimension myself nowadays, or is it the nature of the "sacrament" which causes the difference?

My feeling is that it is to a significant degree the latter. That may be regarded as prejudicing the outcome, but it is in any case correct to state the mental setting at the outset. I am very certain that no amount of 5-MeODMT in the world would catalyze any spiritual experience (though it might, mixed with a traditional psychedelic, as it probably is in several natural sources, intensify the "loss of ego").

There has been a snowstorm in Baltimore, yesterday late afternoon and during the night, and things are pretty much shut down. I am planning on driving to Cincinnati for the Xmas vacation tomorrow, all my exams and papers are graded, and it seemed that this was a propitious time to make this trial. It is the nature of M that you have to set aside most of a day.

Have had some sense during the last few days that Walter Pahnke is acting as a sort of guiding spirit. Some odd coincidences: I was just reflecting that I needed to put the dedication to WP back in the book (now in the production stages at ACS) and then just Monday of this week there appeared in my mailbox a letter from the cousin of Pat Scholtz, our secretary. Addressed to Pat, but she had put it into my box. It was a very yellowed clipping from the Baltimore Sun of 1971—the obituary for Walter Pahnke. Pat's cousin was cleaning out her attic and came upon it and it evoked very appreciative and warm feelings for WP, who had helped Pat's mother during her terminal illness back in 70-71. So I xeroxed it and sent it with the planned dedication to the ACS just yesterday.

Am just beginning to feel the first slight effects (dizziness), I believe. It is about 40 minutes since I took the M. (I tried this time dissolving the powder in the juice of half a lemon diluted with a little soda water—it seemed much easier to swallow this way, the bitterness not too apparent, than sprinkled on yoghurt, as I had done in the more recent past.)

9:35 AM. Almost one hour into the M now and feeling very shakey and woozy. I checked my other journal, and there is no mention of taking M since February of 95. So it has been almost a year since I took M—have spent all that time quite frequently experimenting with those tryptamines in various ways. But no M, so it will be very interesting to see what the psychological and religious impressions will be. Generally speaking, by the way, I have been feeling very positive about the sort of integration and peace I now feel with regard to the Jesuits, my job, my sexuality,

my option for solitude . . . all these things seem to hang together now with a pretty good deal of coherence in my own mind. One can never give "rational" explanations for all of these ultimately mysterious dimensions of one's being, but insofar as one can, I think to me at least (and no one else matters, really?) they all make sense. So I anticipate a fairly positive outcome.

Am getting quite shakey now and feel difficulty in concentrating on this, so I leave reportage and go to encounter Reality.

Exactly 1 hour and I feel slightly nauseous; I suppose this will pass. Maybe the lemon juice isn't such a good idea. Rough on the stomach.

Almost 2 hours now. Quite delirious. Why did I say that M does not give me a "visual" experience?? As I look at the keyboard in front of me, it "dissolves" with phosphorescent trailings. I still feel somewhat nauseous, and entered in the other journal, in the other room, some statement like: How could *anyone* ever consider this a "recreational" experience? It is nauseatingly *medicinal* and excruciatingly *sacramental*.

Although this is mostly the first 2 hours. At least I hope so; we are at exactly 2.00 h into this as I type these words. (And as the cat yowls at me to pet her.) What should be astonishing to the reader is that I am putting out these coherent words: I am in a *totally* altered state.

2.5 hours, nearly (actually 2.23 h). Nothing remains in focus, even with my eyes wide open and staring at one thing. Colored aura. A sweet, yielding sense that my "ego" is not very important anyway, so why not forget about it? And, indeed, I think I have/am.

But still unpleasant physical sensations: small of back writhings, some teeth clenching, back of neck sore.

I have never had, I don't think, except in DMT and then not able to type, so intense visuals as right now. Trailing is so intense I can almost focus on the after-image as easily as the true image. Right now, vague images are coming unbidden before my open eyes: sort of Mother Theresa like people in colored saris.

This reads somewhat rationally, but I am totally losing it and must go to "sleep"—actually, just as Shakespeare anticipated, to dream perchance to dream.

It is 2h and 30 min now and just too intense to bear. I will have to stop typing; besides the very "page" that is "screen" keeps splitting open in front of me....

According to my watch it is just 12 minutes later, but it seems almost like months. I feel like (as though, grammatically) my person and personality are being torn apart with pincers. And a great physical weariness, pain in shoulders and small of back. Desire to give in, to sleep. When I do this, I don't see anything very focused behind my closed eyes. Just a vague Rainbow, and then annihilation.

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This is no relaxing sleep; a burdened pain and grief. Visually, right now, everything is chaotic and disappearing into patterns of patternlessness. Something like a cubist or pointillist painting. But no fun.

3h 13 min. A welter of psychotic, paranoid, dream/reality/seen/notseen/dying/dead welter. I don't think anyone should use this stuff without some sober guide around. I know this sounds like I am ok but I'm not at all ok.

In particular, I don't feel so good about giving this stuff to my nephew Dan, who said he would *really* like to try M. I was going to package up a dose or two for him for Xmas, but now I wonder. God!

I'm sorry this sounds so rational—nothing is rational, there are rainbows everywhere, incredible trailings and stutterings and warpings in vision, just like they said about LSD.

I seem not to remember these things afterwards, so delirious is the state of mind. Damn, this sounds so rational and I AM NOT (BRIGHT PRETTY FIREWORKS IN PERIPHERAL VISION).

Looking at my face in the mirror it melts and dissolves, as is this image in front of me now.

3h 47 min. Am getting occasional terror attacks, thinking I am having a heart-attack. Try to count my pulse but can't. Fear of what would happen if i WERE having a heart attack. I could try to call 911. But then they would find out I am a drug user. See? Paranoia.

I suppose I should see the humor in talking this way about having a heart attack, but it doesn't seem at all funny to me. I am quite scared, actually. This typing helps me to feel I am in control, although visually there is lots going on of which I am not in control. And even in the ultimate sense of where/if/who/my/I/am/is/what/?

This is not a heart attack, it is an ego attack.

Actually (can't find my glasses) it's a very terrifying panic attack. Somehow, I can see that I shouldn't be scared and panicky, but I nonetheless am. It is now 4 h and 20 min after taking M; in real time it is about 10 minutes after 1 in the afternoon. God am I feeling shakey. THis is supposed to be enjoyable? Just uncontrolled cat hair everywhere!!

4 h 55 minutes. Still in a pretty major panick attack, feeling that I am having a heart attack. I tried to call Buzz, but he wasn't in. There are no phonemail messages at the office.

27 June 1996

Dear Sasha:

Am I paranoid? I hate to have to say it, but it seems to me that in matters drug the country is virtually a police state. And they tell me that all e-mail is like shouting from the rooftops. And I have tenure and fancy myself unable or unwilling to find a respectable job outside academe. Hence my writing to you thusly instead of by the Email.

I am back home from the lab/office and can check my references. That conference you attended and gave the keynote address at was a workshop at UC/Irvine on Jan 25-26, 1969. Edited by Efron, Raven Press. Therein, after your fine opening discussion, can be found on page 275, "DMT ... and homologues: clinical and pharmacological considerations," by Stephen Szara. The table on the next page gives the "psychotropic dose" for DMT as 60 mg im; then, for DET, DPt, DiallylT, all "60 mg *i.m. or p.o.*" This caught my eye a few weeks ago as I was making the final revisions in my great tome. I emailed Strassman, as I told you, and he too believed that DET was only parenterally active. Same for Stafford. So I tried it as I told you with the results I described.

The next week, last Saturday, I felt I had to try things again in a more controlled atmosphere. So I took the same dosage (200 mg, perhaps \pm 10 mg because I had used a pharmacist's scale the first time; this time I used an accurate, beautiful, but antique pre WWII German double panner I salvaged from the dumpcart at the college and carted home. It is accurate to \pm 0.2 mg, and I used 205 mg in a capsule as the previous week.

Well, the effects were manifestly notable at 50 - 60 min. The only reason I hadn't noticed them the previous Saturday was that I was not at all expecting them, was walking briskly through crowded streets, and simply disregarded the prodromal signs. But they were all there, and by 1 h I was definitely strongly influenced. All in all, the whole effect was in most respects like a healthy 350-400 mg dose of mescaline sulfate (by the way, you have noted the error in your PIHKAL under M where the equivalences of mescaline sulfate and chloride are given? 256 mg should read 356). But much shorter than mescaline. These quite intense effects last from hour 1 post ingestion to hour 3, then there is an hour during which some trailing is still perceptible; by hour 5 all is over.

Upon taking the stuff in my peaceable apartment, I was astonished, at hour 2, that I had been able to find the symphony hall and, shortly after, relocate CHarles St. and get on the right bus and come home. Because it was very very disorienting. [Of course, as you certainly know, one always surprises oneself when called upon suddenly to interact in a non-intoxicated state with the real word. I was amazed at the perfectly rational voice asking the bus driver about the fare, etc. If he only knew! thought I. Then I sat semideleriously tripping behind a person who seemed a bit odd—what he was thinking of me, I know not—sure enough, just as I was dreading, he struck up a conversation. At first I thought *he* was an ambulatory schizophrenic. Then gradually, I thought, maybe 'twas I. Then both. Then who knows? Well, he at least got off at the stop he wanted to get off at, I think. I managed to get off three blocks before my stop, but I was still within walking distance to my aptment.]

Well, back to the 2nd trial. What I didn't like about this stuff is that it *seemed* (hard to know what is one's imagination) to have discomfiting "vegetative effects" as they used to say. I definitely noticed considerable sweating of hands and feet. An uncomfortable sense of "hollowness" in the chest, like a dose

of ephedrine + theophylline in Bronkaid. [One of the early articles on IM DMT by Boszormenyi mentions this syndrome as a “bizarre” psychosomatic complaint, but I think it's maybe real.] Visuals were of course not as intense as DMT (I have taken DMT IM and DET IM, and the latter is very much milder and in my opinion less potent, which is why I was so casual about throwing 200 mg down my gullet. I am not much subject to visuals on any psychedelic, but DMT—especially in very high, like 80 mg fumarate IM—provides an absolutely astounding visual experience, open and closed eyes). But there were, according to my notes taken shortly after, “fairly intense closed-eye rapid, chaotic, partly formed swirling shapes—red and orange if in a lighted area, blue and violet if in a darkened. Ope-eyes, there were noticeable peripheral movements and violet fringes to many objects in direct focus.” There was much hand-trembling, such that it was hard to handle a glass of water with only one hand. There were many distracting physical symptoms, unlike mescaline. It seemed my nose was dry and sinuses constricted. On the other hand, there was some positive processing of psychic data and music was noticeably enhanced.

I think 200 mg is a little too much. Note that this is the *fumarate* salt (which I find much easier to get to crystallize), so it corresponds to about maybe 150 mg of the chloride (I am too lazy to get out a calculator but you can do this as well as I; it is the salt formed with one mole of fumaric and one mole of DET, I believe). I will try again soon with 100, or whatever calculates out the equivalent of at least the 60 mg of Szara's chloride salt.

By the way, I took my bp and pulse (I have an automatic battery driven job for this) both times. The first time some hours after, when I had gotten home from the symphony. The second more controlled: Just before/at taking the oral dose, bp was 140/77 and pulse 68. After 1.5 hour, as symptoms were most intense, 145/73 (nothing significant) but pulse was 101. This is high for me, and I was resting in a recliner. AT 2 h post ingestion bp was 127/77, quite normal for me, but pulse was still 88, which is elevated: I often have a resting pulse in the 60s. There seems to be a pronounced tachycardia with no rise in bp (like marijuana), and this may account for my feeling of an “airy, hollow” chest.

I am perplexed by your Canadian account of no effect at 200, but I believe that 400 was “too much.”

As I said, I take no MAO inhibitors. Only thing I take besides vitamins is about 750 micrograms of melatonin each night before bed. That would have been 17 hours previous to my second, more controlled trial. And I don't think there is any indication that melatonin is an MAO.

Well, it is nice to write this stuff to someone who appreciates such odd observations. (And I would be honored to find mention in your TIHKAL.) I just hope the Drug Police don't steam open mail.

Dan

PS: You know, don't you, that Rich Yensen has received the shipment of (legal!) LSD from Switzerland, and all is set to go?!

Rick: Here is a copy of a letter I sent to S.S. after we e-mailed about the oral availability of DET. It presupposes a message I earlier sent him about being astonished at the effects of oral DET—got lost trying to walk to symphony hall, actually, and walke over a mile out of my way; finally had to skip the symphony and come home. It is orally active, and might merit your consideration if you are interested in a scientific study of short-acting tryptamines. (Being the almost next to nearest thing to DMT; the exception, as yet not at all studied, N-methyl-N-ethyltryptamine, which I am contemplating the synthesis of in my leisure hours.)
Dan

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Later uses of μ (all mg masses are HCl; see other book for details):

18 Aug 1996	315.0 mg
31 Aug 1996	123.0 mg
11 Nov 1996	100.0 mg
18 Jan 1997	232.0 mg
26 Jan 1997	45.0 mg
1 Feb 1997	26.0 mg
9 Feb 1997	18.0 mg
16 Feb 1997	25.0 mg (9:00 AM) 25.0 mg (12:00 AM)
24 May 1997	0.5 tab LSD 100.0 mg μ
4 July 1997	178.0 mg (8:50 AM) 100.0 mg (12:00 PM)
1 Nov 1997	350.0 mg
1 Apr 1999	333.0 mg